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SPRING BOOKS

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Mr Gaitskell's Three Blunders

WITH the 'settlement' of the Clause Four dispute, and the enforced resignation of Mr Crossman from the Opposition front bench, the great debate in the Labour Party has inevitably shifted to Mr Gaitskell's leadership. In one sense, it never left it; for though, in the first weeks after the election, all sections of opinion proclaimed their anxiety to keep personalities out of the discussion, it was evident from the start that Mr Gaitskell had staked his future on his attempts to impose a new 'image' on the party. Indeed, he should be the last to complain if the struggle now takes a more personal turn. It was he, and his intimate friends, who forced the discussion on Clause Four. It was he who dictated the terms of Labour's defence amendment. It was his speech which triggered off the back-bench revolt. And it was he, egged on by his closest supporters in the Shadow Cabinet, who insisted on a showdown with Crossman. Last October, Labour went to the country united, militant and confident. Six months later, it faced the electors of Brighouse divided and demoralised, oscillating violently between schism and personal dictatorship. This may not be the new image Mr Gaitskell was planning; but no one can deny that he bears the chief responsibility for its creation, and it is by this that his leadership must be judged.

Of the three issues of principle which Mr Gaitskell has thus forced on the party's attention, the first – constitutional revision – can be briefly dismissed. Anyone who compares the detailed texts of Mr Jay's proposals, Mr Gaitskell's Blackpool speech, his 'amplification' at Nottingham and the final version of his text accepted at the Executive, can see at once that at each stage Mr Gaitskell has been obliged to add vast quantities of water to the heady brew which he concocted in Frognal Gardens last autumn. The new *Summa Theologica* has finally emerged as a flat Fabian tract, to which no exception can be taken, for plainly none is now intended. Defeat and victory are blended in soggy compromise and, apart from the few political clerics who actually illuminated the manuscript, the public is completely mystified as to what precise changes – if any – Mr Gaitskell has introduced. The only certain consequence is that Labour's aims are now more open to misrepresentation than ever before.

Fortunately, the public has treated this controversy with indifference. Far more important is the second issue to which Mr Gaitskell has now linked his future as leader: the maintenance of the independent British deterrent. It is evident from the White Paper, and still more from the four defence debates of the last month, that the government now doubts whether Britain can maintain its role as an independent nuclear power. Our present deterrent – 220 V-bombers, some of which are equipped with megaton bombs – is increasingly vulnerable to rocket strikes. In times of acute political tension it can maintain – though only for a few days at a time – a state of alert which would allow it to get a fraction of its bombers off the ground on receipt of a four-minute warning; it is thus theoretically possible that a small percentage of the force could deliver nuclear weapons on Soviet targets. But in the event of a genuine surprise attack – of which we might get no 'political' warning – the whole force would be destroyed on the ground.

It is thus arguable whether Britain possesses a deterrent even today. As for the future, the government openly confesses its bewilderment. Work on the vulnerable Bluestreak missile has been drastically curtailed. So far we have no plans to build nuclear submarines equipped with the Polaris rocket. Each one, plus its missiles, would cost £40 million; and a minimum of 20 would be needed to constitute an effective stand-by force. Moreover, apart from the prohibitive cost, this vehicle – as Mr Sandys gave warning two years ago – is also liable to become highly vulnerable. As for the third alternative – the Skybolt aerial missile – it does not yet exist and may never work. Faced with these facts, the government has begun an embar-

rassed reappraisal of its whole defence policy. Anxious to save face, Mr Watkinson has ruled out any sudden retreat from the deterrent; but its abandonment is now certain and is merely a matter of time.

Here, then, was a superb opportunity for Mr Gaitskell to leap ahead of the government, to steal their new clothes before they were even worn and, in the process, reunite his party around a workable defence policy. Instead, he chose this precise moment – when the government were in manifest disarray – to reiterate his faith in the independent deterrent, and thus to divide the Labour Party more deeply than ever. Moreover, the argument he selected – that the function of British nuclear weapons is to deter Russia in cases where we are forced to act without US support – is no longer acceptable even to the government, and in any case makes nonsense of Socialist foreign policy, particularly of Mr Gaitskell's own cherished non-nuclear club. This performance shows a terrifying lack of judgment at all levels. Mr Gaitskell's information was wrong. His interpretation of it was wrong. Worse, both will shortly be proved in public to be wrong – in all probability by Mr Gaitskell's temporary allies on the government side. By an almost unmatched display of maladroitness, Mr Gaitskell has snatched the nuclear baby from the government at the precise moment when they are most eager to relinquish it.

Perhaps it was an awareness of these cumulative errors that unnerved Mr Gaitskell into a further one – which raises a third, and equally important, issue. Mr Crossman's arguments against the party's official defence policy were so powerful, that Mr Gaitskell and his advisers apparently judged it necessary either to silence him or to crush him by invoking the principle of loyalty. In doing so, they have challenged the central principle of freedom of debate in the party (a freedom of which, in attacking Clause Four, they have availed themselves freely), and in a new and dangerous manner. It is well established that Labour members are free to speak their minds in the Commons so long as they refrain from personal attacks on one another and from voting against party decisions. This freedom, and the debate which it engenders, has provided constant inspiration and enrichment of party policy. It is also an essential part of the duty an MP owes his constituents.

Naturally, a member of a Shadow Cabinet voluntarily abrogates this freedom; and, where there are only about a dozen people involved, no great harm is done. But at the beginning of the present session of parliament, Mr Gaitskell sought to refurbish the outmoded image which was created by the newly-elected Parliamentary Committee. In addition to the Parliamentary Committee, he set up a 'shadow administration', more than 40 strong and drawn from some of the ablest younger members of the parliamentary party: their duty was to act as official spokesmen on particular departmental problems. Apart from the 14 members of the Parliamentary Committee, they had no responsibility for formulating party policy. Yet it is now ruled that they may not speak freely as MPs, even on matters which do not affect their own vestigial responsibilities.

Mr Crossman, for instance, watched over the Ministry of Pensions. In that capacity he would have been called upon to exercise the responsibilities of the front bench perhaps half a dozen times a year. He is an accepted expert on defence and over the years has made a considerable contribution to defence thinking both inside and outside the Labour Party. Except in the secret and unsatisfactory conditions of the party meeting he is now told to be silent – unless he cares either to resign as an official spokesman or to accept not only the decisions but the arguments of a private body of which he is not a member. Inevitably he resigned. Subject to the same restriction is Roy Jenkins. And Barbara Castle. And Anthony Wedgwood-Benn. And Sir Lynn Ungoed-Thomas. And Christopher Mayhew. And Denis Healey. And many others whose views neither the Labour Party nor their fellow MPs nor their constituents can afford to dispense with.

Thus, in the past five months Mr Gaitskell has chosen to stake his leadership on three cardinal blunders. Clause Four is now water under the bridge, and the harm which has been done by all the unnecessary bickering and dissension cannot be undone. But the other two still permit of second thoughts. Mr Gaitskell still has time to rethink his position on the British deterrent – but only just, for the government will not give him long. He can still think again about the basic issue of intellectual freedom which is raised by Mr Crossman's dismissal. For the sake of the Labour Party, we hope he will. The alternative is not a new leader: Mr Gaitskell is rightly confident that for the present he has no serious rival. It is a Labour Party image which has replaced the fundamental fervour of the pioneers with the apparatus of rigid discipline and arid theological dispute. That is not an image which is likely to reverse the electoral trend of the Fifties.

Comments on the Week's News

The Question of Brainwashing

In standing firmly by its science correspondent's report of Professor Kennedy's discourse on brainwashing, the *Observer* has performed a public service. It is clear that replies by Mr Christopher Soames to questions on the subject were, while no doubt not strictly untrue, deliberately evasive. Commons unfamiliarity with the subject enabled him to pick his way delicately through a verbal minefield. All the available evidence suggests that brainwashing was used by Britain during the war. Otherwise – unless there was something to secure – why should Professor Kennedy, for example, have spoken of the impossibility of giving details of who was brainwashed by whom because it impinged on security matters? Why should he have made the distinction that these methods could not be justified in 'peacetime'? One can only infer he thought them justified in wartime. Who was the subject who denounced 93 people? Was he British or British-interrogated? Careful denials that the methods were practised by the *army* or *in* Britain are not sufficient answer. No one says they were. This is all of grave public concern. It is just because methods like 'synthetic mental conflict' are so offensive that it is important to know whether they are or were used by British secret service units. Are they, perhaps, still being used in the interrogation of prisoners or detainees anywhere in British territories? Are members of any branch of the public service being trained or practised in them? They are not only an offence against public morality but a perversion of the intentions of psychiatry. If practised by doctors they are a denial, as Dr Storr pointed out in this journal last week, of the Hippocratic oath. As we go to press, questions addressed to the Prime Minister are on the Commons Order Paper. This matter must be probed until MPs are satisfied they have reached the truth.

The Boycott and after

With the month of boycott of South African goods past the half-way mark it is still difficult to speak with any certainty about its success. The right-wing press, gloating over its own evidence, is naturally convinced of failure and the Prime Minister is happy to believe it has 'proved almost nugatory'. Mr Macmillan's speech on Tuesday to an unrepresentative audience demonstrated clearly, however, the weakness of the right-wing attitude towards the boycott. He skated uneasily over the question of 'differences' between us and the South Africans. Demanding that we 'face them clearly and see them for what they are', his logic then failed him. If we do see them for what they are, action of some kind must be taken. The boycott, which is limited in time and political in motive, is precisely the right kind of action in demonstrating that 'differences 'are important. But the boycott is only the beginning. The interest it has aroused must, as Christian Action emphasise in announcing an important meeting at the Central Hall, Westminster on 28 March, 'be turned to constructive ends'. Inevitably the arrival this summer of the South African cricket team is going to pose difficult problems for Christian Action and the Labour Party. It is tempting to recommend a boycott of their matches. This would be ineffective. Might it not be best to organise a mammoth petition expressing detestation of the South African government's policies, and the disgust British sportsmen feel at the colour-bar operating in South African sport. A petition of this kind would not only make our position clear to the South Africans. It might also bring home to bodies like the MCC that they need seriously to consider whether a country governed as South Africa now is can fitly be a member of the Commonwealth sporting system, which is otherwise multi-racial.

Overture at Geneva

The so-called agreed western disarmament plan, presented at Geneva this week, is a vague patchwork quilt, hastily stitched together over the week-end, to ensure that the West should not go entirely naked into the council chamber. Unlike the Soviet proposals, it has no time-scheme; nor could it have, since the French and the Anglo-Saxon powers disagree sharply on the exact point at which disarmament on nuclear weapons should begin. Its Phase One proposal for Soviet and US conventional forces to be limited to 2,500,000 each makes no sense at all: US forces are already slightly below this figure, while Soviet forces will be about 50,000 below it by the time the present unilateral cuts are complete. Indeed, all that would happen in phase one would be the creation of the International Disarmament Organisation – the control body. This is bound to prove unacceptable to the Russians, who have consistently refused

to agree to any formula which gives control systems priority over disarmament, and who have now accepted the reasonable position that both must take place simultaneously. Indeed, the western plan might have been specifically designed to give the Pentagon – and the Soviet military lobby – endless opportunities to sabotage progress. As the test-ban conference has abundantly demonstrated, an agreement can be signed tomorrow, provided a political decision is taken at the highest level to repose a certain minimum of trust in the adversary; conversely, unless and until this decision is taken, the military on either side will always be able to win any technical argument by demonstrating the existence of risk. It is evident from the way in which Mr Krushchev has accepted first the principle, and in recent months many of the details, of controls, that he thinks the risk is worth it; the same cannot be said of President Eisenhower, who has been content to allow the State Department and the Pentagon to fight a running battle. It is for this reason that the Summit has such a direct bearing on disarmament. The function of the Geneva meeting, therefore, must be to clarify the issues and to isolate the supreme policy decisions, which only the Big Four can take when they meet in May.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

The Providential Illness

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The news of Mr Krushchev's indisposition was a diplomatic bomb. It had been known that in the later part of last week the Soviet Ambassador had been running backwards and forwards between the Prime Minister's office and the Quai d'Orsay representing all Mr Krushchev's many objections to the official programme for his French visit. So when it became known that Mr Krushchev wasn't coming the sceptical French were naturally tempted to the conclusion that the illness was diplomatic. If that had been the case, it would have been a serious loss of face for both de Gaulle and the French Communist Party.

The fact is, however, that the indisposition was genuine, and the visit is only postponed. Mr Krushchev, who is short and stout and 66 years old, is subject to strains and indispositions like other men of his age. In the event, he is coming to France next week, and it follows that the bickering between Paris and Moscow over his programme is starting up all over again. What is really at issue? De Gaulle wants to receive Krushchev as if he were in some sense the successor to Czar Nicolas II. Krushchev is of course anxious above all to be received as the representative of Russia, but he is also anxious to establish the point that he remains a comrade in the working-class movement. The ambassador in Paris has accordingly asked that the official programme shall include a meeting with the Communist-controlled trade unions, a dinner with the Franco-Soviet Friendship Association and a ceremonial visit to lay a wreath on the memorial to those who fell in the Paris Commune. M Debre has rejected these proposals on the ground that they would constitute an interference in French internal affairs. What is more, he has become thoroughly suspicious of every other modification to the programme which the Russians have suggested. For instance, when they announced that the Toupoulov couldn't land at Orly and that Krushchev would accordingly be coming in a smaller plane two hours later, the French reaction was to claim that this change of plan had been devised to give the opportunity for a workers' demonstration in the Paris suburbs. Two red districts, Villejuif and Kremlin-Bicêtre, lie between Orly and the centre of Paris; and if Mr Krushchev drove through them at lunch time instead of at 10.30 in the morning, he would be sure of a welcome from tens of thousands of the faithful.

It is odd that the visit to France is proving much more difficult to organise than his earlier visit to the US. But the reason is simple; France is the first western country that Mr Krushchev has chosen to descend on where there is a strong Communist Party. He was probably the most talkative guest that the Americans had ever received; but his sermons, for obvious reasons, had not the slightest effect on the balance of political power in the US. It is a different matter in France, and this is why General de Gaulle is determined to keep Mr Krushchev under strict control. The Russians on their side say that Krushchev is not a man who will allow himself to be hemmed in by his official bear-leaders to the point where he cannot meet for himself the people who are receiving him. However, even before the Elysée turned awkward, he had himself for some time been pressing that his visit should be shortened. The fact is that the indisposition was not diplomatic, but it was providential. If Krushchev comes to France pressed for time, it is perfectly natural that his opportunity for visiting the holy places of French Communism and for making speeches will be limited. Both sides, without losing face, can concentrate on the top-level personal talks between de Gaulle and Krushchev. There is nothing to suggest that these will prove particularly successful. But in the changed circumstances any hard words that pass can at least be justified in terms of the international situation and cannot be said to arise purely out of considerations of personal or national *amour propre*.

New York

Climbing a Molehill

A stranger, glancing at the American press last week, might have concluded that a political event of the first magnitude had occurred in New Hampshire when in truth all that happened was that two trained mountaineers had climbed a molehill. On the basis of the returns in the first primary of this election year, Senator John F. Kennedy, in particular, was being hailed as 'a great vote-getter', congratulated by a leader of his party on his 'stupendous victory', and delighted by the comment of the Governor of Ohio that 'this could very well just finish it up' – meaning, of course, the nomination.

All that might tend to detract from the young Senator's reported jubilation, should he choose to think about them, are the facts. Among the 50 states of the Union, New Hampshire ranks 45th in population, having within its borders possibly twice the number of people who flock to Times Square on an average New Year's eve. Of these 600,000 or so, fewer than half are eligible to vote, and of this number hardly more than a third turned out for the primary. Neither Kennedy, asking for the endorsement of the state's Democrats, nor Nixon, seeking a nod from its Republicans, had any competition to speak of within their respective parties; and since they were not running against each other, the stakes would logically have seemed microscopic.

But in the long-drawn-out process of electing a President, importance is attached to every straw in the wind, and the wind is constant. Since New Hampshire is normally Republican by two-to-one, it was expected that twice as many Republicans would come out to show their loyalty to Nixon as Democrats to show their fondness for Kennedy. As it turned out, the proportion was closer to three-to-two, with Nixon getting some 65,000 votes and Kennedy around 45,000. Insignificant as such figures really are, they were enough to provide employment for the augurs, and they went happily to work.

Kennedy, the analysts pointed out, had received some 18,000 more votes than the state's Democrats had given Stevenson and Kefauver in the primary four years ago, thus proving that the Kennedy bandwagon was rolling, if not irresistible. On the other hand, it was solemnly noted, Nixon had polled 11,000 more votes than New Hampshire Republicans had given Eisenhower in the 1956 primary, proving, as one party chieftain said, the Vice President's 'tremendous vote-getting ability'.

Considering that some 50 to 60 million people will vote in November, between nominees who will be running *against* each other rather than on parallel tracks, in states in no way like New Hampshire and under conditions in no way like those of an uncontested primary, the results are pathetically meager as a basis for any such findings. But the findings themselves take on an importance comparable to rumours on Wall Street. Let enough people talk about Kennedy's 'stupendous victory' and he cannot help but profit at the Convention, where nothing promotes success like the odour of it, no matter how synthetic.

If the New Hampshire primary offered any evidence at all of the shape of things to come, it was the indication of how the Vice-President plans to ride simultaneously the two horses of his party. As the New Nixon, he was loftily above the kind of demagogy that has made him such bitter enemies in the past and that he must now live down if he is to make the necessary dent in the independent vote. When New Hampshire's Governor Powell, who managed Nixon's primary, charged Kennedy with 'softness on Communism', Nixon repudiated the slander for all the world like an outraged liberal. But Powell only returned to the attack, preposterous as it was in the case of a Roman Catholic like Kennedy, and when the campaign was over there was the Old Nixon, quietly congratulating him on his 'great achievement'. The Vice-President looked forward, he told Powell, to visiting New Hampshire, 'so that I can thank you personally for all that you did', presumably including the slander. The New York *Daily News* has anxiously warned him that he will lose, like Dewey in 1948, if he tries to play the part of 'a gentleman too noble to take off his gloves and spit on his dukes'. But Nixon seems to feel that he can play exactly that role and leave the cruder work to his supporting cast.

ROBERT BENDINER

Westminster

The Fire-Raiser

Already devout Tories hang outside Number Ten, Downing Street, hoping that Mr Harold Macmillan will touch them and cure their warts; and soon they'll be thinking of him, not as a human being at all, but as a spirit, dwelling on some awe-pervading height. What a change this is from those bleak, post-Suez days when they all huddled around him in a sunless valley! Yet Macmillan has made the ascent seem easy. He simply stepped aboard the funicular, wrapped a rug round his knees, fluttered his hand nonchalantly to the spectators and was off. Now in the warming sun, he has shed his rugs and is proceeding towards the stratosphere.

How different has been the progress of Mr Hugh Gaitskell! He, too, began in a sunless valley; but though a Tory leader takes naturally to the funicular – unless, like Sir Anthony Eden, he has no head for heights, a Labour leader has to trudge it in the company of friends who argue interminably about the route. Nonetheless, in time, Gaitskell emerged from the shadows and, though far behind Macmillan, appeared to be going well. Unhappily, he stepped back a pace to admire a pale pink dawn and fell over a precipice, since when his efforts to recover lost ground seem to have consisted mainly in throwing rocks at supporters still on the slopes below him. The surmise of colleagues viewing this scene is all the wilder because, even when their desire to help is genuine, they can't think what on earth to do about it.

Consider the sequence of events. Gaitskell's conduct of the election campaign had, generally speaking, been so good that he emerged even from defeat as the unchallenged and actively popular leader of his party. Then Mr Douglas Jay flew his kite. Whether Gaitskell in fact knew beforehand what his close associate was proposing has not been established; but it is known that, though in the subsequent party meetings the Jay proposals were condemned almost unanimously by left, centre and right, the leader sat mum. Ah, we said, he's doing an Attlee; he's collecting the voices before using his own voice. In a sense, we were right; but, instead of bending to majority opinion when he *had* collected the voices, Gaitskell provoked it by setting alight to Clause Four and deliberately tossing it into a party which Jay and Mr Tony Crosland had already made highly inflammable. But for a remarkable piece of fire control by Mr Aneurin Bevan at the Blackpool conference, the Labour Party, and Mr Gaitskell with it, might have been burned to a cinder.

Despite this experience, he was soon at it again. Waving Clause Four so vigorously that even Tories began to notice it, he next marched on the National Executive; and only soothing 'There, theres' of Executive colleagues who seem to have persuaded him that it is possible to keep the clause and still to eat it have prevented a new outbreak there. Undismayed he has now set fire to a sizeable section of his own backbenchers over defence. I learn that there would have been no revolt in the defence debate if a different form of words, acceptable to Messrs Silverman and Zilliacus and actually accepted by Mr George Brown, the party's defence spokesman, had not been rejected by the Parliamentary Committee at the instigation of Gaitskell himself.

The 'rebels', fully prepared to vote against the government's defence policy, were not prepared to vote for anything which, even by somewhat remote implication, supported nuclear strategy for Britain: but Gaitskell, determined to be specific, deliberately chose this of all occasions to repeat his opposition to unilateral nuclear disarmament, using arguments, incidentally, which could equally well have been used against his own non-nuclear club proposal. Thereby, at one go, he dispensed both with logic and with unity; and now as a consequence he has had to dispense with Mr Richard Crossman. To produce such shambles from the unity and comradeship of five months ago seems to require unusual qualities.

Ironically, the qualities in Gaitskell which some of his colleagues blame for the present chaos are his honesty and his courage. Not for him the blind eyes or the devious routes of more astute politicians. He goes flat out for what he believes to be right or against what he believes to be wrong. He is intellectually incapable of leaving even a little ill alone. His tidy mind makes him seem like a housewife who will upset the comfort of a whole family rather than allow one speck of dirt to remain visible. A little less intellect and a little more wisdom would, it is suggested, make him a more effective leader.

Again ironically, the disaster of the defence debate and Crossman's dismissal, have somewhat strengthened his position for the moment – the parliamentary party is as instinctively against open rebels and as instinctively against Crossman as the members of the Band of Hope are instinctively against drink. There is not now – perhaps there never has been – any considerable move to end his leadership. The party intends to hold on to his great virtues. Nonetheless it profoundly hopes that he himself will remedy his obvious defects. If he does not, either backbenchers, putting the Hampstead group and Clause Four out of their minds, will take on themselves – by the default of their leaders – a determined and persistent opposition to the government – as such men as Mr Charles Pannell began to do at the beginning of this parliament – or they will soldier steadily downwards into the apathy which afflicted them after 1955.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Science

Stowaways and Starfish

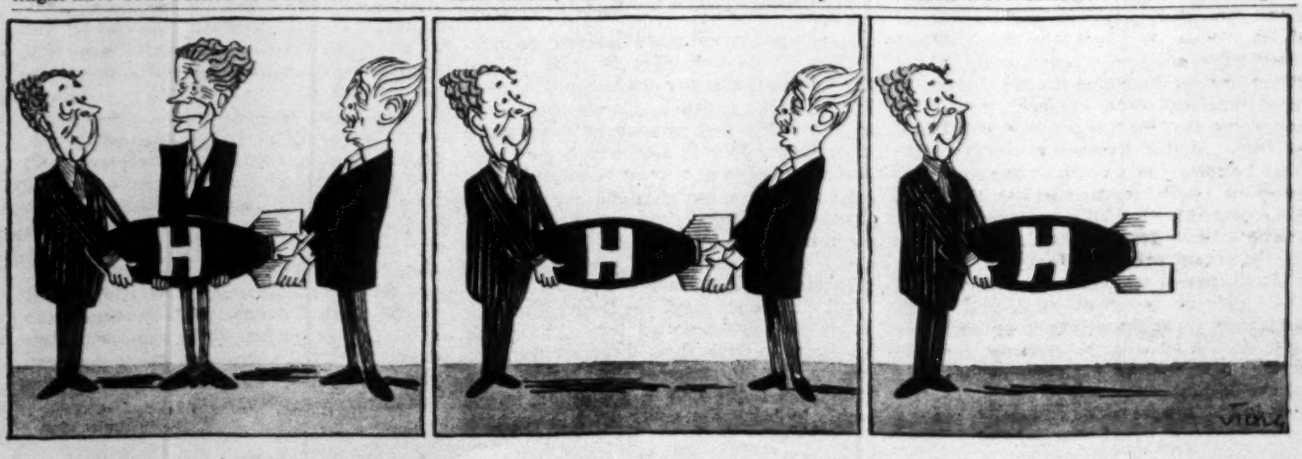
A pair of lice, it is said presented themselves at the gangway of the Ark, demanding admission. Noah scratched his head, sent them away – and scratched his head again.

What calls this story to mind is *Pioneer V*, launched a week ago and now falling slowly towards the orbit of Venus; and the thought of what will come after it, from the rocket arsenals of the United States and Russia. Instruments will land gently in the crags of the moon; later, others will land on Venus or Mars and then return to earth. And after the instruments, 20 years on, will go the men.

The real purpose behind it all, time will show, is the search for life on other worlds. To non-scientists this may seem obvious; it is not obvious in current space planning. We shall not be hunting for little green men, but for life in all its variety and adaptation. We shall learn much about the origins and mechanisms of life on earth by seeing the products of evolution in very different environments. We cannot expect to bring back minerals from the planets, but we may bring back the seeds of useful organisms which can be cultivated here on earth. Colonisation of planets, except for military purposes, is so remote as to be not worth talking about: but biologist-explorers will certainly want to go. So what has this to do with Noah's lice? Simply this, that little stowaways in space rockets are going to be at best an unconscionable nuisance to the space planners, at worst a world-wide disaster.

The stowaways in question are microbes lodging in the rivets or electronic circuits of rockets (later, in the throats of spacemen) for a flight from one planet to another. Microbes carried from the earth to the moon could hopelessly confuse the search for hints of life on that bleak sphere; conveyed to a living planet they could conceivably prosper in the new environment and even conquer it. But we know quite a lot about earthly microbes and we can, if we are careful, sterilise space probes before launching: this is already a drill for both the Americans and the Russians.

Much more difficult are the micro-organ-



isms we know nothing about – those on the other planets. To bring exotic microbes back to earth before we know what they are and how to destroy them would be unbelievably stupid. They could wreck advanced life on earth: they are potentially much more dangerous than the bug-eyed monsters of space fiction.

Dr Joshua Lederberg of Stanford has made the point very forcibly at a recent space science conference and again in the *New Scientist*: 'We can hardly risk any other policy but a strict interdiction on the return of any craft whatsoever from the habitable planets.' Until, that is, we understand the possible stowaways; but to conduct exhaustive bacteriological experiments with automatic instruments at ranges of many millions of miles is going to be tricky, to say the least of it.

Space is one new frontier of exploration. The sea is another, and similar thoughts are provoked by the resumption of the conference on the law of the sea in Geneva this week, and by predictions about the exploitation of the sea. A fortnight ago, Sir Alister Hardy of Oxford, presenting his pleasant idea that near ancestors of *Homo sapiens* lived an amphibian life, also spoke of the future of man when he begins to take the sea seriously. Hardy envisages armies of frogmen husbanding fish on the sea bottom, eradicating pests such as starfish, and generally farming the sea with careful method where hitherto we have merely hunted.

Hardy does not expect such things to become a reality for 50 or 100 years. His reason is sound: there are opportunities for terrible mistakes until we really understand how different species in the sea interact and depend on their physical surroundings. We can say glibly now that starfish and other inedible pests appear to eat the greater part of the food available to fish; but we cannot forecast what would happen if we got rid of them. Only protracted, patient research can teach us marine ecology: you cannot foreshorten a year's living. But will men really wait for this, as Hardy supposes? The demand for food and the hope for quick profits may prove irresistible pressures to 'progress'.

In giving these warnings, the difficulty is not to appear to be the spoilsport, the stick-in-the-mud, the man with the red flag – or to give ammunition to the instinctive anti-scientists who miss the point entirely. Lederberg and Hardy are full of enthusiasm for the new opportunities; they have the greater foresight in seeing the snags.

NIGEL CALDER

Bringing Mr Foulkes to Book

SOME progress has been made towards compelling the leaders of the ETU to submit their conduct of the union's administration to independent inquiry. At last the General Council of the TUC has decided to invoke the rule which empowers them to investigate the conduct of any union whose activities are 'detrimental to the interests of the trade union movement or contrary to the declared principles and policy of the TUC'. And this week Messrs Foulkes and Haxell are reported to have agreed, with significant amiability, to submit their affairs to an inquiry *provided it is kept within the trade union movement*. Next Monday the General Purposes Committee will meet to consider this offer.

We are glad, as we believe will be the majority of ETU members, if the allegations of malpractice in the union are a stage nearer being put to the test. But if the proposal by the ETU leaders means, as it seems to, that the inquiry should be carried out privately and on the old-boy net by their personal colleagues for so many years on so many committees, we hope the TUC will think very carefully before recommending its acceptance.

The charges which are made against the present ETU leaders by their rank-and-file critics are not just of the dictatorial misuse of legitimately held power, or of unseemly political intrigue, or even of minor sharp practice within the accepted limits of political manœuvre. Allegations of that kind could reasonably be judged by the wise old men of the TUC – and perhaps not by anybody else. The charges in fact are so specific – the faking of ballot papers and postmarks, for instance – and involve so closely the personal honour of some of the ETU leaders that they must be subjected to the most stringent examination.

We believe that the best place for this would probably be a court of law. But, despite the fact that the British courts have on the whole a good record of dealing justly with Communists, there are some obvious objections to this course, and an inquiry conducted by the TUC is a reasonable alternative. Such an inquiry, however, to be worth anything, must be searching; it must be conducted by people who are experienced in the procedures of questioning witnesses and weighing evidence; it must have the power to call for persons and documents. There are a number of eminent lawyers, whose integrity is beyond challenge and whose political sympathies are such as to exclude any possibility of their being a party to witch-hunting or anti-trade union activity. Why should not the TUC invite one of them to conduct a formal inquiry with the help, say, of two assessors drawn from the General Council? If the ETU leaders accepted that sort of investigation, the charges against them could be disposed of once and for all. If they refused, the public would draw its own conclusions.

Nor could such a procedure possibly be condemned as 'McCarthyite' – the term of abuse which the Communists are currently calling in aid to distract attention from the seriousness of the charges. The essence of McCarthy's tactics was that, from under the protection of Senatorial privilege, he smeared his victims with unprecise charges and assertions of guilt by association. The present charges are specific, are backed by some impressive *prima facie* evidence and are susceptible of proof or disproof. Moreover no privilege protects those ETU members who make them, or the journals which report them. Unlike most of McCarthy's victims, the ETU leaders can go to the courts to redress any grievance they may have. Or they can invite stringent inquiry under the auspices of the TUC. The present scandal exists because they have so far done neither. Now that the TUC has decided to intervene to protect the good name of British trade unionism, it must take care that Messrs Foulkes and Haxell do not talk them into an inconclusive and ineffectual inquiry which would fail to convince the Labour movement as a whole that the truth, wherever it lies, had been sifted and exposed.

The Dispossessed

LAST summer Albert Namatjira, the highly gifted water-colour artist from central Australia, died a month or so after being released from prison. He was a full-blooded aboriginal who had been granted citizenship and with it the right to buy intoxicating drink, forbidden to the ordinary aborigine. Because, following immemorial tribal law as well as normal good fellowship, he shared his money and his drink with his kinsmen, he was sent to gaol. The case is not quite so simply black and white as it sounds – Namatjira's actions did have some ill effects – nevertheless it was sufficiently shocking to rouse public opinion once again to consider their government's treatment of the remnant of a people who only four or five generations ago were in undisputed possession of Australia.

Nothing is more odious than for an outsider to visit a country briefly and air virtuous-sounding opinions about a difficult and long-recognised problem. But there was no mistaking the widespread sense of shame and guilt over the plight of the aborigines, nor a certain stubborn resistance to it in some official quarters. Liberal opinion was unanimous in its criticism of government policy in general and its abhorrence of some of the particular disasters which have resulted from it. I was finally convinced that I should be justified in writing about the subject when I found that all the field naturalists and anthropologists I met were up in arms on their behalf and eager for anything which could extend sympathetic understanding of the situation.

Since *Homo sapiens* overwhelmed Neanderthal Man, almost every conceivable result which could follow when one ethnic group imposes itself upon another must by now have been seen on the stage of history. Nearly all are more or less tragic, for in clashes of this kind men are at their most vile. Among the many re-formations which are to be seen at the present time, as the world adjusts after the unprecedented expansion of the European races, the Australian is probably the least dangerous and the most pathetic. From the first the aborigines were luckless. Disparity in material culture – one of the main factors determining the results of ethnic invasions – was the greatest there has ever been: 19th-century industrialized man confronting hunters still technologically in the Stone Age. Morally, on the other hand, the invaded may be said to have been generally rather superior to the invaders.

In the earliest days when aboriginal women were captured for the use of the convicts and their men sought to recover or avenge them, whole groups were indiscriminately slaughtered by punitive parties. Worse still, as free settlement spread, the dark men were not only dispossessed of their land without any thought of compensation, but were regarded as game or vermin and were shot or poisoned. The results were remarkably successful. In this vast and still under-populated country the native population, estimated at 300,000 at the time of the first arrival of the English, has been reduced to some 50,000 full bloods and half that number of mixed breeds.

It is worth recalling these past horrors only because they have not been forgotten by the aborigines and still contribute to a

latent resentment among them, which is one of the difficulties, though a minor one, in the present situation. At the end of the 19th-century, a stirring of the public conscience brought a change of policy from extermination to segregation. Many of the aborigines who had been 'picking up a living on the fringes of white civilization were moved to reserves where they received a modicum of help from missions and at government settlements. Here they were out of sight and mind for most of the white population. Many even of their well-wishers accepted this policy as the kindest way to help the Australians follow the Tasmanians on the road to extinction. But the aborigines proved disobliging. Even the sorry protection now granted them soon more than stabilized the population; and, as a result, there was another swing of policy, this time towards assimilation. This is the present policy of the Commonwealth as a whole; it is carried out, more or less half-heartedly, by the state governments and the administration of the Northern Territory. The trouble, is of course, that while there is a desire, warmed by genuine democratic ideals, to end the problem of this stubborn remnant by absorbing it into Australian society, it is sharply cut across by various emotions and prejudices – and also by a reluctance on the part of the aborigines themselves to be swallowed and digested in the lower bowel of the white nation.

Because authority over the aborigines is vested in several different governments, and because the natural conditions vary from region to region, it is unwise to generalize about their treatment and prospects. It appears that of the three areas where they are most numerous and where something of their culture still survives, they are best off in the Northern Territory, where funds are spent quite liberally on their welfare, a little less well in Queensland, and worst in Western Australia. The following facts are drawn mainly from Queensland, but apply in outline throughout the Commonwealth.

The Aboriginals Acts, which were revised in the late Thirties and Forties when the idea of assimilation was adopted, include clauses for exemptions under which individuals can be freed from control if the administration thinks fit. In practice in Queensland between 100 and 200 a year win exemptions – a figure which barely keeps pace with the natural rate of increase; the majority of these are of mixed blood, often with 25 per cent or less of aboriginal genes. The Acts themselves are quite astonishingly repressive. Indeed they have been brought before the United Nations as grossly infringing the Declaration of Human Rights. Thus an individual living under these Acts cannot decide where he will live; he may be arbitrarily arrested and incarcerated in a reserve as though it were a concentration camp. He cannot claim trial by jury, but is judged by officials who may be his accusers. His children may be taken away (for their own supposed good) without any proof of ill treatment or neglect. He cannot marry without permission, he cannot buy alcoholic drinks, his mail may be censored, his books and other possessions may be seized, his property is 'protected and managed' for him and may be disposed of over his head. On the settlements and missions he is generally obliged to work 32 hours a week without pay in exchange for accommodation, a basic food ration and clothes which are often of a low standard. Those working away from these institutions are not subject to this truck system, but are not paid the full wages for the job.

The tremendous power given under the Acts is exercised by officials in the settlements, by mission superintendents and by local 'protectors' – usually policemen. Inevitably, while many are enlightened and kindly others are the reverse, tending to treat their wards as potential criminals.

Those who have won exemption are in much better case, having, nominally at any rate, full citizenship rights, except that full-bloods cannot vote. On the other hand everywhere save in the Northern Territory exemptions can be revoked at any time, and police use this as a threat. The indignities arising from the division between the controlled and the exempt is well shown by Namatjira's case, and recently by an identical one involving a talented aboriginal film actor.

Before the storm caused by Namatjira's imprisonment and death, fierce controversy had been aroused by the Grayden Report of 1956. A Select Committee of members of the parliament of Western Australia was appointed to investigate native welfare in the far east of the state. It is an extremely arid country where only native Australians with their extraordinary skill as hunters and food gatherers could conceivably find a livelihood. Very large areas of the reserve had recently been expropriated for a Commonwealth weather station, for nickel prospecting and for the Maralinga nuclear testing ground.

Mr Grayden and his colleagues were so shocked by what they saw that they presented a most strongly worded report ending: 'The Committee has arrived at the conclusion that the plight of the aborigines in the Warburton-Laverton area is deplorable in the extreme. The natives lack even the most basic necessities of life. Malnutrition and blindness and disease, abortion and infanticide, burns and others injuries are commonplace.' Mr Grayden also brought back a film, which was projected for me in Melbourne. I saw men, women and children almost too weak to move, with the vast bellies and broomstick limbs of acute protein starvation; I saw the parched cadaver of a young hunter picked up from a dry water hole. A shuddering comparision with the dark half hour spent before the Belsen film was inevitable.

The report and film stirred up much that was unpleasant. Officials declared that 'all aborigines have big bellies'; journalists hurried out by plane, saw very little and rushed to deny the allegations. The public was troubled, but hardly knew what to think. My own impression is that this is an unusually bad area, and perhaps that even there the starving hunting party of the film was a little exceptional – and if the aborigines are allowed to try to maintain themselves in their own way, it is impossible for the missionaries to succour parties out in the desert. On the other hand the starvation is unquestionably due to Maralinga and other appropriations of territory, while official medical figures show that three-quarters of the population in this area suffers from trachoma (80 per cent of the children), and the incidence of gonorrhea and yaws is very high.

What can one hope for the future? First, perhaps, a word must be said about the capacities of the aborigines. After all my talk with anthropologists and others who understand and admire them, I was quite jolted to be brought back to what is a far commoner attitude. The officer who met us at Alice Springs immediately assured us that they 'had the mentality of ten-year-olds' and could never be advanced any further. A little later I discovered that the half-blood school had recently outstripped the white in examination marks. I am not one of those to whom it appears necessarily reactionary and wicked to think that different racial groups may have differing abilities. It is quite possible that after thousands of years of selection in favour of skill in hunting and imaginative talent, the native Australians may be a little superior in sensibility and a little inferior in intellect. But the area of overlap is always great. Even intellectually some blacks are better equipped than some whites.

Unquestionably the languages and social organisation of the tribes were most subtly developed, and their folklore and mythology of considerable beauty as well as interest. The best of their ancient rock- and bark-painting was effective, and the fact that Namatjira was able quite quickly to build up a school of water-colour painters almost as talented as himself suggests a high artistic potentiality. In short, there is no doubt that the aborigines, given fair opportunities, are fully capable of taking an honourable part in Australian life.

But what is the best way of enabling them to do so? Is a more generous and energetic furthering of the present assimilation policy the answer? I think not. Of course all ambitious young men and women who want to find places in Australian society should have their path to higher education made easier (in 1957, .005 per cent of the Queensland natives were receiving secondary schooling). Indeed, most missions and settlements need far more money for education and medical services. A target should be set for the repeal of the Aboriginals Acts and the granting of full citizenship. But for those who are not wholly detribalized, whose traditional skills, values, sacred places and customs still make a world where they can flourish physically and above all psychically, I am convinced that hasty assimilation is quite wrong.

Instead the ring should be held for them at least for another generation. In the tropical north where they can still live in their own way their hunting grounds should be completely protected. In areas such as that covered by the Grayden investigation where their reserves have been so much reduced that they live on the borderlands of starvation, permanent water bores should be sunk and all practices, such as the poisoning of dingoes from the air, which reduce the game, should be stopped. At the same time in suitable localities (of which there are enough) not only water but also livestock should be provided to launch some of the groups as pastoralists, a calling in which the aborigines are quickly proficient.

Two most promising experiments have matured in recent years, the Lockhart River

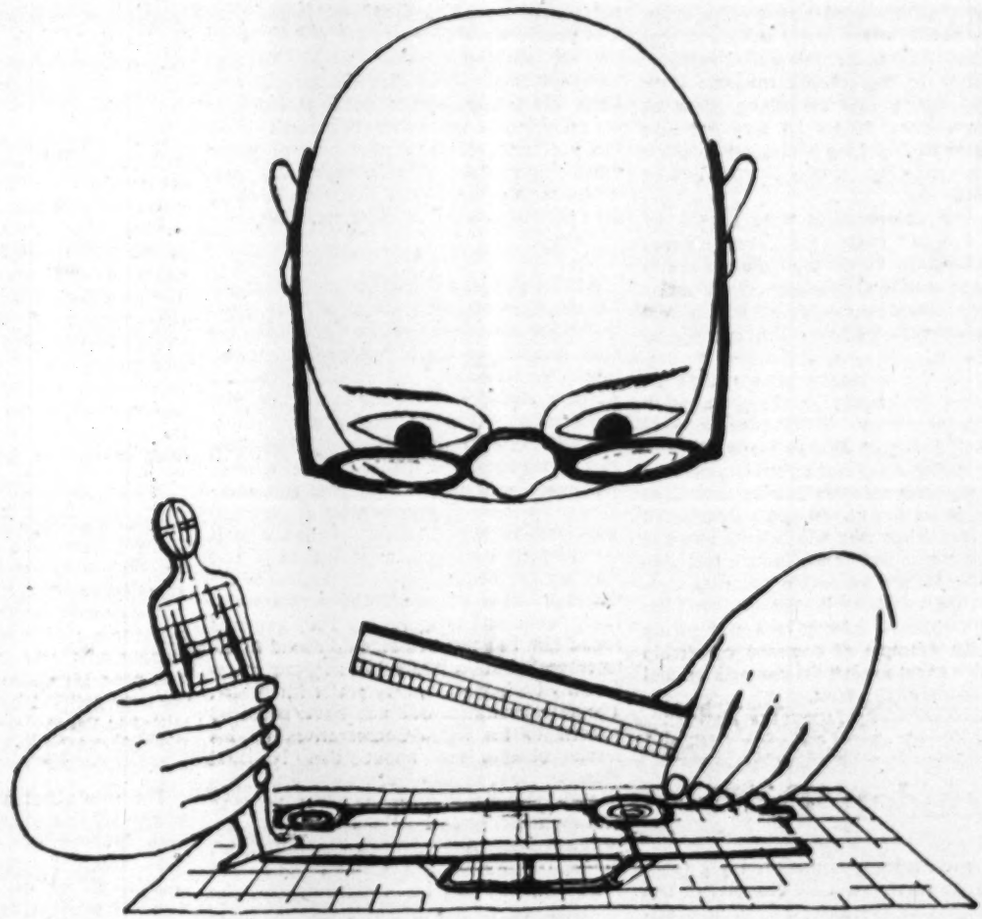
NEXT WEEK

Labour's Real Mission
by W. JOHN MORGAN

Leavis Reassessed
by WILLIAM WALSH

C. P. Snow on Einstein

ERGONOMICS*



* **ERGONOMICS:** *the science of designing objects with particular reference to the needs and physical characteristics of their users:* 'human engineering'.

If we were crazy enough, we could design a vehicle for radio-activated Martians. (Remote control, lots of fascinating features, no buyers.) Or a commuters' special for bed-bound suburbanites. (One that starts itself, brews coffee and sounds off at 7.30 sharp would probably do the trick.)

Instead, we spend most of our waking hours trying to make cars which have more and more of the features sensible people want.

To us, that's ERGONOMICS. And ergonomics, in anybody's language, means a better deal for the customer. It means performance with safety, comfort with economy, quality with down-to-earth prices.

It means all-round vision for the driver, and easy parking. (So much better this – parkonomics? – than an extra set of wheels for moving sideways.) It means a top-gear engine and an all-synchro box. Big things like a low C. of G. and stop-at-a-touch brakes. Little things like two-speed wipers, map-reading light beam, key locks on both sides.

A boffin's word, ERGONOMICS, but it sums up thoughtful engineering . . . a philosophy of design . . . and a science that is important to *you*.

A surprising amount of it goes into Vauxhall cars, which is why so much pleasure comes out of them. If you'd like to know more, you've only to ask. Your Vauxhall dealer will be delighted to provide the Q.E.D.

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Co-operative in northern Queensland and the Pindan Co-operative in north-east Western Australia. The first, created by an inspired missionary, Alf Clint, is based mainly upon cattle and pearl-shell and trochus fishing; the second, which depends upon mining, was founded by a tough miner, Macleod, and a few hundred rebellious aboriginal stockmen and their families weary of a life of near-slavery. The story of their march across hundreds of miles of cruel country spurred on by an old, one-legged aboriginal woman, is an epic which seems to cry out for a film to celebrate it. Both are now self-supporting, and at both the natives still maintain their songs and dances and something more of their own culture. Above all they are able to rely upon the age-long aboriginal tradition of communal living, of the sharing out of all benefits.

These two co-operatives were floated by money begged from the ever-generous Australian public. Surely the Commonwealth government should supply capital for many more such enterprises where all that is best in the aboriginal tradition can prosper in independence?

This plea for a respite does not at all mean a 'museum' policy for the preservation of primitive man in Anthropological Gardens. It is a plea that in many different ways the native Australians should be helped to maintain their valuable cultural traditions long enough for them to be gradually adapted to new ideas. Then they will emerge into full citizenship under their own leaders, and with the self-confidence to enable them to contribute to the variety of Australian life. They can add a sense of history to a raw young country, an example of common ownership and sharing to set against the competition and acquisitiveness of the West.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

London Diary

IN a characteristically courteous reply (published in the correspondence columns of this issue of the NEW STATESMAN) to some observations of mine about the BBC, Mr Hugh Carleton Greene challenges the accuracy of Sir Anthony Eden's account of the circumstances in which Mr Menzies gave a television broadcast at the time of the Suez crisis. I cannot, of course, vouch for Sir Anthony's accuracy, but, from what I know from other sources, there is no possible doubt in my mind that during the Suez crisis the High Command at Broadcasting House succumbed to pressure from Downing Street. There were individuals lower down in the hierarchy who gallantly and honourably resisted. By and large, however, the Corporation functioned as an instrument of government policy. The person in the best position to describe exactly what happened is Mr William Clark, at the time Sir Anthony's chief public relations officer. Mr Clark, for reasons which his friends could readily appreciate and understand, found it necessary to resign. If he ever felt constrained, as I hope one day he may, to present his version of what happened, I doubt very much whether he would find the present Prime Minister as forthcoming with permission to see and quote from official documents as Sir Anthony did.

* * *

Naturally and rightly, as Mr Greene points out, the BBC is subjected to all kinds of pressures. The point I was making was that it yields more readily to governmental pressures than to any others. To some extent this is the case all the time. On particular occasions like Suez, its subservience to Downing Street has been almost total. The precise transactions whereby this subservience is achieved are not committed to paper, and are therefore difficult to trace. No memo exists in the Corporation's archives, I am sure, laying it down that Sir Winston Churchill was not to be allowed to broadcast at the time of Chamberlain's appeasement policy. None the less, the fact remains that Sir Winston was kept off the air. I may add that all who know Mr Greene, and rejoiced, as I did, at his elevation to the Director-Generalship of the BBC are convinced that he will prove much more resistant than have his predecessors to governmental directives, however they may be couched or communicated.

* * *

At first glance, it might seem odd that the late chairman of the Conservative Party, Lord Hailsham, should draw public attention to the utter meaninglessness of some of the sentiments expressed in our dismal National Anthem. Actually, it is quite in keeping with Hailsham's curious, inscrutable but pleasing character that he should take this position. Part of his attraction is that no one, least of all himself, ever quite knows what he's going to say. As what most people say is premeditated and, therefore, tedious, a man who is exceptionally intelligent, as Hailsham is, and may say anything, is highly attractive. In the desperate days of Suez, the Conservative Party found him invigorating. They gathered round him as down-and-outs do round a picturesque Salvation Army leader. Now, comfortably back in office, they prefer Mr Butler. The late chairman will not have endeared himself to his fellow-Conservatives by his frank observations about the National Anthem. How, he asked, can we sing the lines of this grisly, unedifying song without a pang of conscience, or at least a smile? Who can whole-heartedly intone 'Send her victorious', or even 'Scatter her enemies and make them fall', when the only means whereby this can be achieved is a world-wide atomic holocaust? How indeed? Actually, the fuzzy-wuzzies, Zulus or Afghans, whose scattering kept the Queen victorious in the National Anthem's heyday, might well have raised the same objections to its sentiments as Lord Hailsham does now. They, however, could be scattered without any ill-consequences at home. It is fall-out, not an ethical reappraisal, which has led to the different attitudes now propounded by Lord Hailsham.

* * *

Lord Hailsham's gallant stand set me looking up, in no very profound way, when the National Anthem business all began. Apparently our National Anthem only really got going in the mid-18th century. The music (such as it is) is attributed to a Dr John Bull. The authorship of the words (such as they are) was claimed, on behalf of his father, by a certain Henry Carey, but this, it appears, was more to get a pension out of the government than to enhance his father's fame. The idea caught on, and now there are six columns of closely printed type setting forth the National Anthems of the world. My encyclopaedia – a somewhat antique one – is no doubt incomplete. A modern one would have many additions. New countries, with flags and national anthems, are coming into existence almost every day of the week. I sometimes wonder how flags can be devised which are not identical with the existing ones. To me, the National Anthem recalls those macabre days in the blackest period of the war when the BBC used to play the whole series of the national anthems of the 'dead souls' countries just before the news. There was some trouble, I seem to remember, about the Abyssinian one, which no one seemed to know. I see it is now given officially as *Ethiopia Loy*. The words are said to be by 'a group of Abyssinian scholars (1930)'; tune by Mr K. N. (also 1930). I am sure it is a very rousing number.

* * *

When an official visit, like Mr Krushchev's to Paris, is cancelled, there are a lot of minor inconveniences. Television and radio programmes have been arranged, special articles written, police precautions taken, including, in this case, the sending of some hundreds of awkward characters to Corsica, and so on. The journalists were massing, and those fearful arrangements being made whereby the various PRO's could tell them nothing in circumstances which implied that hot news would be available. All this has had to be postponed. I personally feel most sorry for the cartoonists. They will have had everything ready, and then, suddenly, they've got to think of another idea. How easy that sounds! Alas, ideas are so hard to come by, especially in their field. I asked for an idea and you gave me a space. I am delighted to see that a notion of mine has this week appealed as an alternative subject for Vicky (my favourite contemporary cartoonist). It seems to me that one consequence of the rich humour of the recent defence discussions is that poor Mr Gaitskell is going to be left as the only political leader in this country committed to the nuclear deterrent.

* * *

The row about brainwashing has seemed to me very odd. Of course there's always been brainwashing since the beginning of time. And, I fear there will always be brainwashing till the end of time. The Inquisition, I should suppose, could have given points to most subsequent practitioners. The oddest experience I had of it in the war was in Paris, after the Germans had withdrawn. A French gangster was caught by the French police. He had been, during the Occupation, an under-world big shot. Indeed, it could be no exaggeration to say that he ran Paris. The Germans used people like him to execute their purposes. It enabled them to keep a minute number of troops and other personnel to hold down the whole French population. In order to sustain the legend of the French Resistance, this fact has never been publicised. The man in question was brainwashed, beaten up, and otherwise given the treatment to break him down and get information out of him. The only danger was that he might, in desperation, find some means of committing suicide. He nourished, for some strange reason, a vague hope that he might get off by being handed over to the British. In order to sustain this illusion, I had to go and see him. I shall never forget him. He was vacant – more than vacant, emptied out; a shell of a man, not really a man at all. However, the fixed idea remained. He told me, in halting sentences, that the English were the only people he'd ever cared about, that the only woman he'd ever loved was an Englishwoman, and that he'd hidden RAF officers who had baled out over France. Incidentally,

if all the people in France who pretended to have hidden RAF officers really had hidden them, we should have had such a huge air force that we should have won the war anyway. My man was, in due course, executed, and I cannot pretend he didn't deserve it. No doubt the requisite information about his associates was prised out of him. Even so his empty, aimless, vacant face abides with me – this soul whose content had been removed and replaced. It is a hateful process.

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

It happened at Dunkirk, on one of the couple's monthly visits to Paris with a stock of antiques.

'I have lost a stone in weight and cannot sleep,' Mrs Adams, daughter of Major General Sir Philip Nash, said at her Kensington luxury flat yesterday.

'I was taken into an awful room and made to take my clothes off.

'I just numbly stood there while an old frump of a Frenchwoman ran her hands over me.

'It was frightful – the most humiliating thing that has ever happened to me.'

Mrs Adams said: 'After all, I am the daughter of a major-general.

'And I was presented as a debutante in 1932 before Queen Mary—the most regal of our Queens.'—*Daily Sketch*. (C. W. Corlett.)

Mr Jenkins said: 'Co-education after the age of 11 is one of the breeding spots for contempt between the sexes. It encourages familiarity, and contempt automatically follows.' – *South Wales Evening Post*. (Elwyn-Morris.)

Large collection of nice books wanted to fill bookcases; any subjects. – Advt. in *Times*. (R. A. D. Forrest.)

Mr Gaitskell's Ganymede

THE conversation, it is said, went like this:

Mr Younger: I'm sorry, Hugh. I won't be standing for Grimsby again. I'm going to Chatham House. (*Thinks:* Will Hugh beg me to stay? Thank me for my service to the party?)

Mr Gaitskell (ruminatively): Grimsby . . . Grimsby! That would do nicely for Tony.

No one need be surprised that Mr Younger's moment of decision should have coincided with Mr Gaitskell's preoccupation with Mr Anthony Crosland's future. The constituency parties in 1958 had shown little enthusiasm for Mr Crosland's claims to nomination; indeed, at the Tottenham by-election, despite Mr Gaitskell's known benevolence, Mr Crosland wasn't even short-listed. His anti-nationalisation speech at the Margate Conference in 1953 was remembered against him, even though his academic *Future of Socialism* was probably unknown to most delegates at subsequent General Management Committees. But when at last Mr Crosland skidded into the Grimsby seat with a majority of 100 votes – Mr Younger's majority had been 3,522 – he provided Mr Gaitskell with a major consolation.

The romantics describe Mr Crosland as Mr Gaitskell's *éminence grise;* the classicists (and Mr Crosland was a classical scholar before he became an economist) might describe him as Mr Gaitskell's Ganymede. He is the cup-bearer of the revisionist draught which has thrown Zeus and his court into a gloomy intoxication whose after-effects have yet to be felt. What is the origin of Mr Crosland's ideological influence?

A scholar of Trinity College, Oxford, and later a fellow and lecturer in economics, his career is the conventional one of academic distinction at school followed by a first class degree, with the presidency of the Oxford Union thrown in, and eventually a university teaching career. Each year at Oxford there is a similar elevation of Isis idols who eventually blend with the general iconography, or get lost in the civil service or industry or banking or lecturing. Mr Crosland was abstracted from the lecturer's rut by Hugh Dalton, always an encourager and promoter of the young. When Mr Crosland came into the House of Commons as the Member for South Gloucestershire in 1950, Dalton already knew him as the gay Captain in the Parachute Regiment who had served throughout the war in North Africa and Europe. He had the *bravura* which Dalton admired in his political friends. Thus, Mr Crosland (Highgate) joined Mr Dalton (Eton), Mr Jay (Winchester), Mr Gaitskell (Winchester) and Mr Roy Jenkins (Abersychan) as a member of the happy group who used to meet in the XYZ Club to discuss economics, dine and drink claret.

Economics always had its private language. Mr Dalton gave his circle a private manner – the ringing voice, the finger tips touching, the one-elbowed stance at the despatch box, the esoteric jest, the anti-asceticism. During the finance bills, Mr Jenkins, Mr Crosland, Mr Jay and Mr Gaitskell became almost interchangeable to the closed eye. The 'If I may say so's', the 'I think it is highly suspect's', their general *litotes* in short, remain one of the marks of the group.

Mr Crosland's excellent middle-class and public school upbringing and his rigidly non-conformist background had an ambivalent effect on his development. On the one hand, it inclined him to radicalism and a contempt for the static upper-class society of the Established and the Arrived; on the other hand, he has never been repelled by the graces, comforts or hospitality of the wealthy. Though he has a general sympathy for equality, it rarely leads him to the tea-room of the House of Commons and the company of its trade union members; nor do his cultural interests take him often to the galleries or the concert halls. He likes Bratby and, together with Mr Gaitskell, jazz music. Within Mr Crosland's breast, there is a tormented artist and a juke-box struggling to get out.

The dualism in Mr Crosland's character may spring, in part, from his Plymouth Brethren ancestry. The Brethren, it will be recalled, split just over a hundred years ago, into the Neutral Brethren (*pace* Mr Foot) and the Exclusive Brethren. The Exclusives, though the more numerous, were destined to suffer further divisions, one of them led by a preacher whose doctrine of sanctification was called 'Death to Nature.' In a sense, the theological argument on Clause Four which Mr Crosland inspired may be regarded as part of a schismatic tradition of modernism.

Mr Crosland is, by instinct, gregarious – a tall, personable figure who engages in the kind of banter which leaves few bruises. He specialises in insolence with a smile – a special charm in an only son which tends, however, to wear a little thin when the chin thickens.

Mr Crosland is undoubtedly aware of this, and in his middle age (he is 42) has begun to temper his winsomeness with gravity. He has begun to realise that the party conference where he was booed in 1953 and a college common room require a different approach. As a paladin of Labour's right wing, his most notable attacks have hitherto been against the Labour Left. His record of battle against the Tories is less distinguished. Apart from a few technical skirmishes in the Finance and Monopolies Bill, Mr Crosland has not involved himself strikingly in Labour's campaigns. Until he does so, it seems unlikely that he will stir conference to the happy frenzies which Mr Cousins or Mr Harold Davies can foster.

Unfortunately, Mr Crosland appears to suffer from a further handicap, which may prove more difficult to remedy. As a professional economist, he writes with fervour and great dialectical skill; but he has been dogged

by a voodoo of bad luck. While still at Oxford he espoused the cause of nationalisation, and argued that control over industry was impossible and unpopular unless whole industries were taken over; this had to be buried when the Gaitskellite axis shifted over to share-buying. During the great rearmament debate, Mr Crosland insisted that the vast arms spending of 1951 would not inflict a grievous burden on Britain, and that the dollar problem was passing. A few months later, the Labour government was swept out of office by economic crisis. Mr Crosland argued next year that Britain's terms of trade, which had deteriorated throughout Labour's period of office, would continue to worsen. His manuscript had scarcely reached the publisher – let alone the printer – when there was a sharp turnabout. Ever since then, Britain's terms of trade have continued to improve – bringing successive Conservative governments the windfall of not less than eight per cent of the national income.

Mr Crosland then turned his keen analytic brain to the outlook for capitalism. In the *New Fabian Essays*, and later in *The Future of Socialism*, he argued that capitalism had solved the problems of stability and steady progress, and that Mr Butler's aim of doubling living-standards in 25 years was a realistic and adequate target. But so far, this target has only been reached by the improvement in the terms of trade, the likelihood of which Mr Crosland strongly denied. Moreover, since the publication of his major work, there has been continuous instability in the capitalist economies. Mr Crosland's arguments are always forceful. His intellect usually sparkles. It is only his conclusions, alas, which are apt to be wrong. Indeed, as an adviser on practical affairs, Mr Crosland is beginning to rank as an unlucky economist.

For the rank-and-file of the Labour Party, economics can be conveniently wrapped up in mystery, and it may be that Mr Crosland's reputation as a seer can survive these seemingly inexorable lapses in judgement. But the faint self-doubts in the Labour Centre have been growing since Mr Crosland turned from economic jargon to practical proposals. For, when not wrapped up in economese, his social aphorisms have a suspicious flatness even to the layman. 'We must now all learn to be middle-class', he wrote in *The Future of Socialism*. 'We must learn to be gay, to appreciate the arts, to break down the Victorian prejudices'. These are, indeed, strangely like the enthusiasm of a spinster lady who discovers sex late in life. Mr Crosland, despite his re-thinker's label, has remained strangely sterile, both in his social ideas and in his form of expressing them. His most significant achievement as a political theorist has been to discover Lib-Labism – and to claim it, apparently, as his own.

Between now and the Labour Party Conference, the argument over this approach to policy will grow. Ganymede will continue to hand the goblet to Zeus. Perhaps both will survive the potion. Whether the Labour Party will do so is another matter.

Donkeys in the Sierra

It was still night. It was November, and the moon of my birthday grew on the mountains like a silver splinter. It was slightly cold, but only slightly. The stars shone. Suddenly a kitten appeared opposite the stark hotel, crying fiercely, passionately as if I were the milk of its mother, its genial sun-god; as if I were the father of the lost kittens of dawn. It would not leave me. Its passion of loneliness was a minute stab in the dying darkness. A lorry appeared, a monster, changing gears, one of those perpetual lorries which wound the night of Spain, carrying desperate cargoes of fish and nitrate, rice and engine parts. Nothing for the poor, nothing for kittens. The lorry charged at the minute pilgrim, and I snatched it up, placing it on the pavement. Still it followed me, right into the hotel. I was looking for a policeman. In the hotel a very old woman in weeds black as the night, bent in two like an olive branch, was packing my parcel of bread and sausage.

I had arrived in the bus from Almeria, winding up into the Sierra to the village of Tuire. Standing in the inn, drinking wine, I had felt myself the usual foreign island in a Spanish sea, something of a fool, naked, angular, self-questioning. In Spain, more than anywhere, a traveller cuts a ridiculous figure unless he is carrying something to sell or trying to buy something on the cheap. The mountain village is tight as a drum; you can't simply arrive and find a gap to walk through. You have to be wary as a cat, still as a pool, until there is some kind of readily understood signal. All eyes are on you, loaded with contempt, but they don't meet yours. There is a great wealth of scandal, a private pool of life, secrets of a million dawns, difficult as a poem. Smiles get you nowhere; they won't accept drinks; the room is filled with a huge question mark.

Then suddenly it happened: perhaps the travellers' eyes become wise in discerning signs, like the high migrating birds. A group of people began to emerge in stereoscopic detail against the background of the bar. The schoolmaster, the architect, the doctor, the tailor, and finally the policeman. Not really a policeman, not a member of the civil guard helmeted with that sort of metallic gypsy-catching hat, but an *alguacil*, the mayor's factotum, the turnkey, the maid-of-all-work of the administration, dressed in rough blue uniform with peaked cap. All of these characters slipped into place and slowly, very slowly, met my eyes and my hunger. It was a bare flash of Don Quixote. The *alguacil* was Sancho Panza. He had a loud ringing voice, strangely severe, and a sudden smile and laugh, golden as oranges, which laid bare the heart of the village. It was a flash of comprehension sharp as lightning, and I relaxed like a hunter in sight of his prey. But where was the priest? Where was the barber? Where, indeed, was the Duke? Each personage was sharply distinct, and at a gesture I walked over and joined them.

So had they been always. The sharpest figure was, without doubt, the tailor. After the first flourish of jokes and probes, he asked me: 'Who am I?' This is a natural Spanish question, because the Spanish do not know who they are, and it is on this ground that I am able to meet them. 'Who am I?' repeated the tailor. He was superbly elegant, with a trim moustache and the old Roman eyes of the delicate rake. 'Don Juan Tenorio' I said. There was a sort of applause from the village brotherhood, and each pushed forward to be recognised. The young men were discussing the defeat of Manchester by Real Madrid, while the doctor kept crying 'How do you do? I am very well', in a terrible English accent. When the schoolmaster asked me who he was, I said 'An English inspector of taxes' – for indeed he resembled one, plump, tweeded, and wearing a Russell Square cap.

'And you,' cried the *alguacil*, 'who are you?'

I hesitated, and they pounced on my hesitation. 'He has come here to find out,' said the schoolmaster.

'To cure himself,' said the doctor.

'To marry and bear children,' said Don Juan Tenorio.

But the *alguacil* stuck to his question. 'Who are you? *Que busca aqui*?'

I shrugged my shoulders, sensing a challenge. 'To see the Sierra,' I said.

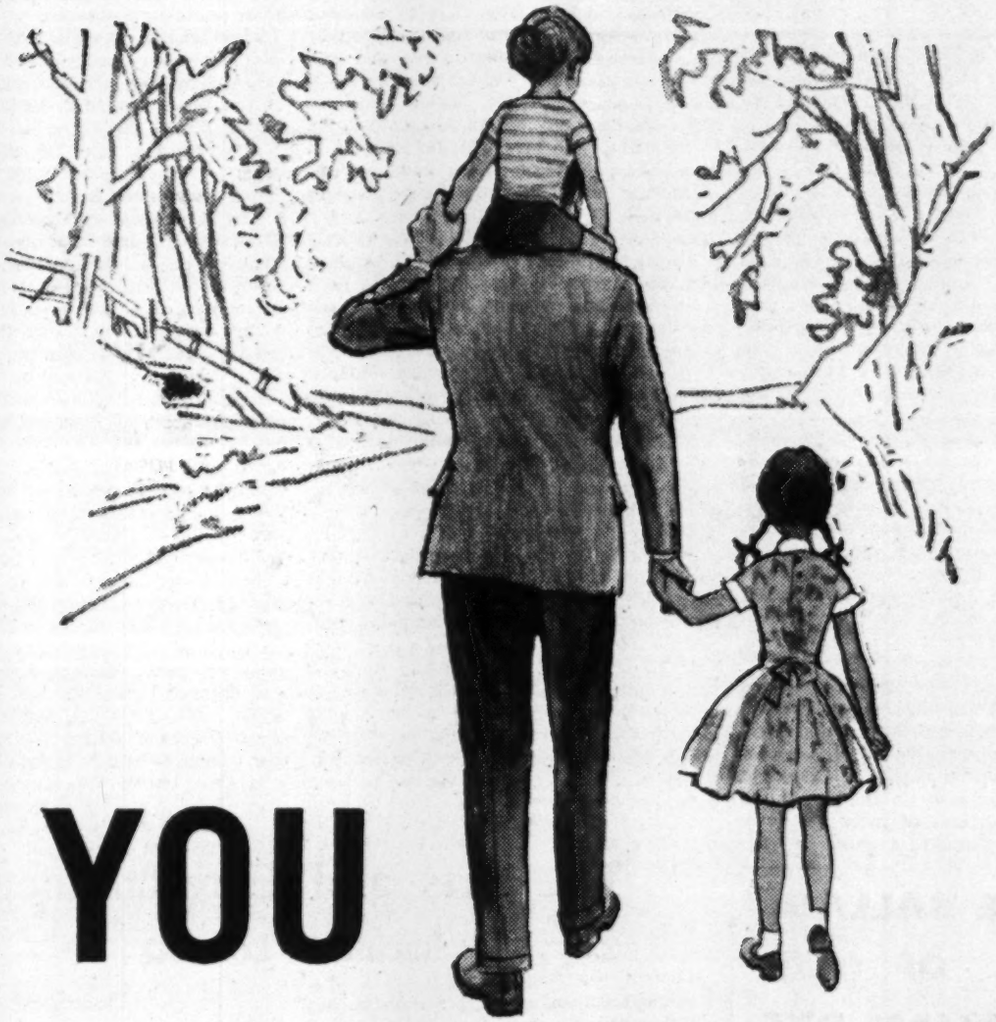
'See the Sierra?' cried the policeman, 'but that is only too simple. Can you ride a donkey?'

'Certainly,' I said.

'Up and down?' he said, undulating his hand like a switch back railway. 'All day? From dawn to sunset?'

'Yes,' I said, trapped. And that was how it was.

It was still night, but the stars were paling, and the kitten cried at my heels. Where was the policeman? The terrible dry freshness of the dawn caught at my throat. I hadn't been at the birth of a day for more than a year, except in the hysteria of trains, and now this sleeping village seemed utterly unreal. Suddenly the *alguacil* appeared. 'The donkeys are outside,' he said. 'We must hurry. I have to catch a criminal.' I picked up my pigskin bag, the bag of a tramway ticket inspector which I had brought in Almeria, pushed in the sausage and bread, and went outside. We found the donkeys a little way outside the village. I tried to jump on to one of them,



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caught my foot in a pannier and fell off. 'Disgrace,' cried the *alguacil*; 'It's the size of the feet.'

'I'm sorry,' I said. The next time I succeeded in fitting myself on to the blanketed saddle, and we set off. In the distance I could still hear the bitter crying. After an hour, we began climbing and the tip of the Sierra glowed with rose. The donkeys tripped up the paths with a fantastic, obstinate delicacy. Everything seemed to be rock; rose rock, ochre rock, lavender, nile-green, sepia rock – and a holiday of flowers. Unknown flowers, which grow only here in this corner of the Sierra where there is no winter, but only spring with sun and great hot winds and a flurry of clouds like a painter's palette.

Suddenly the rocks break open and down in a tremendous green valley lie the orange and pomegranate groves, the trees hanging with lanterns of fruit, and the earth sighing with water. Farmhouses with palms, donkeys, chickens and pigs, and wild cats in the caves waiting for night. The pigs were mostly small, an endless squeal and grunt which rose into the pure Sierra air like a hymn of sacrifice. 'We call them Chinamen,' said the *alguacil*, 'because they die like flies. If you stay on for another fortnight I'll take you to the best pig-feasts in Spain, possibly in the world. The people here hang on like death for the pig-feasts. Grease runs all over the Sierra; the dogs and cats live in paradise.'

We stopped by a sort of reservoir and had breakfast. Wine, bread, sausage, oranges and pomegranates. The sun had come up with a shout. It was the best breakfast I had ever had. 'Come on,' cried the *alguacil;* 'I've got to get that man.' We went on climbing on to more of the wilderness of rock and down again to the fairyland of oranges and fig-trees. By now the sun was raging hot and there was a rasp of flies. All over the purple mountains were hidden ruins left by Moors, Phoenicians and Iberians; it is a vast area largely unknown to archaeologists, the cradle of European man. We stopped now and then at isolated houses and drank a strange sort of yellow wine, home-made, tasting of plums and cinnamon, very strong and stirring the veins, pricking the eyes. Far, far away, perhaps two miles, the cry of the mountain fish-seller rang on the air. 'Fish. Fine fish. Who wants fine fish?' The sound was music to the cats, they sprang from behind the prickly pear, charged through the grunting Chinamen and speckled poultry into the houses. Then came shouts and cries and women hitting out with brooms charging the cats, the fish-mad invasion, which rose to a fever when the fish-seller actually appeared, panniers humped with stiff mackerel, a weighing machine made of osier, balanced on the tip of the finger.

A few miles further on, on the edge of a cliff, the *alguacil* unpacked two objects covered with canvas. He fixed the objects together and they became a shotgun.

'Is it for the criminal?' I asked.

'No,' said the *alguacil;* 'Partridges! Carry on with the donkeys. The path carries straight on. I will join you.' He disappeared, and returned ten minutes later from behind a rock, covered with sweat and carrying a dead wagtail. The donkeys scrambled up and down the rocks, while the *alguacil* pointed out places of interest. 'Down there,' he said, 'a man hanged himself. On that tree with the overhanging bough. He was there for days. A terrible job. A big man, stiff as a board. We had to use a mule.'

Death and illness were the nightmares of the Sierra; a man was a pin-point in chaos. 'One mustn't die,' said an old woman in the house where we had lunch.

'How beautiful must be the cities,' said her daughter, whose face gleamed like a veiled moon. 'Why do you wish to come here?'

'The foreigners love donkeys,' said the *alguacil*. 'They love rocks and oranges.'

'How strange,' said the girl. She had a hungry, unkissed mouth, sick for seducers. 'What a mad world it is.'

At last we came to the criminal's terrain. 'Down there,' said the *alguacil*, pointing. 'We can't go with the donkeys. We have to go on foot.' We descended a steep sort of cliff and arrived at a small river where about 12 women were washing clothes. One very pretty girl was filling a pitcher very slowly with water. It was a sacred and beautiful act, and I stood, transfixed. The *alguacil* took a batch of papers from his case and waved them at one of the women. The woman pointed upwards and shrugged her shoulders. 'Wait here,' the *alguacil* said to me and climbed the hill. Ten minutes later he was back. 'Excrement in the salt sea!' he said, 'It's no good. We have to go back, or it'll be midnight.'

Two hours later a covey of partridges whirred into the sky, and the *alguacil* picked up his gun. 'Carry on,' he said. 'I'll meet you on the trail.' He attached a lead from his donkey to mine, whacked mine on the bottom and dropped behind the hill. I went on for about half-an-hour and suddenly discovered that the second donkey had disappeared. I also wanted to be sick. In the distance I heard a gunshot. The sun was setting.

ANTHONY CARSON

THE BALLAD OF PECKHAM RYE

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'One of the funniest books I have ever read.' *The Bookman*

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'*The Ballad of Peckham Rye* is a small, brilliant construction filled with choice observation of café *moeurs* in S.E.15.' *Spectator*

'All Miss Spark's usual oblique deftness.' *Sunday Times*

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The Arts and Entertainment

Racine in London

THE high style of classical French tragedy is a delicate, knife-edge affair. From the least important grace notes to the most overbearing, unavowable passions, everything is reduced to form. And form itself becomes a way of speaking, a function of the Alexandrine, a question of speed and pitch within or across its seemingly narrow limits. Racine's variations on the single metrical form are infinite, but the actors have to imply every subtlety by their voices alone. There is no stage business to help them. They are allowed their slow, infinitely practised gestures, but that they should touch each other is as unthinkable, in the classical circumstances, as a four-letter word. They are arranged like the figures in a frieze, in an isolation so total that each movement of the hand and quaver of the voice becomes an act of disproportionate significance.

All this is so foreign to the British theatre that, given a certain polished competence, a French company over here can do no wrong. The critics positively savage each other in the rush to acclaim the superiority of one 'e mute' over the next. Hence Marie Bell and her company (Savoy) have had, in the reviews I have seen, almost unanimous praise for what seemed to me a very mixed performance. Mlle Bell is a star in the best Grand Manner tradition; that is, the rest of her troupe is constellated around her simply to enhance her brightness. Only Jacques Dacqmine acted powerfully in his own right; the others simply rolled out their lines to give her, as grandiloquently as possible, her cues; in doing so, most of them managed effortlessly to overact.

When it comes to high passion, however, Mlle Bell can cope with every nuance. So in *Phèdre*, where the pressure is on from the start, she was splendid. Her voice covered the whole range of high feeling, from the plangent weariness of the opening – 'Tout m'afflige et me nuit et conspire à me nuire' – through her desperate, shouting denunciation of Thésée, when he rejects her, to her dying confession delivered, beautifully, in scarcely more than a whisper. It was a wonderful operatic performance, a demonstration of what the voice can do with an intolerable passion. But the forces at work in *Phèdre* are superhuman:

> Ce n'est plus une ardeur dans mes veines cachée;
> C'est Vénus tout entière à sa proie attachée.

Mlle Bell, ravaged and tottering, played the part not for sympathy but with the intensity of one possessed.

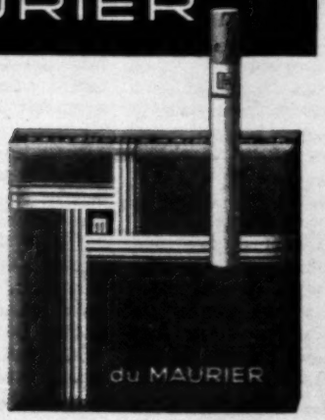
In *Bérénice*, on the other hand, the pressure is less and the grand manner is not the whole answer. The play works up to the most beautiful love poetry Racine wrote, which Mlle Bell spoke with corresponding feeling. But in the opening acts, when she has to be sympathetic rather than intense, humanly uncertain more than overwhelmingly tragic, her interpretation seemed frankly inadequate. Her grand manner was less subdued than frozen. Her gestures became ornately oversolemn, her expression fixed in a glassily charming smile and faintly condescending.

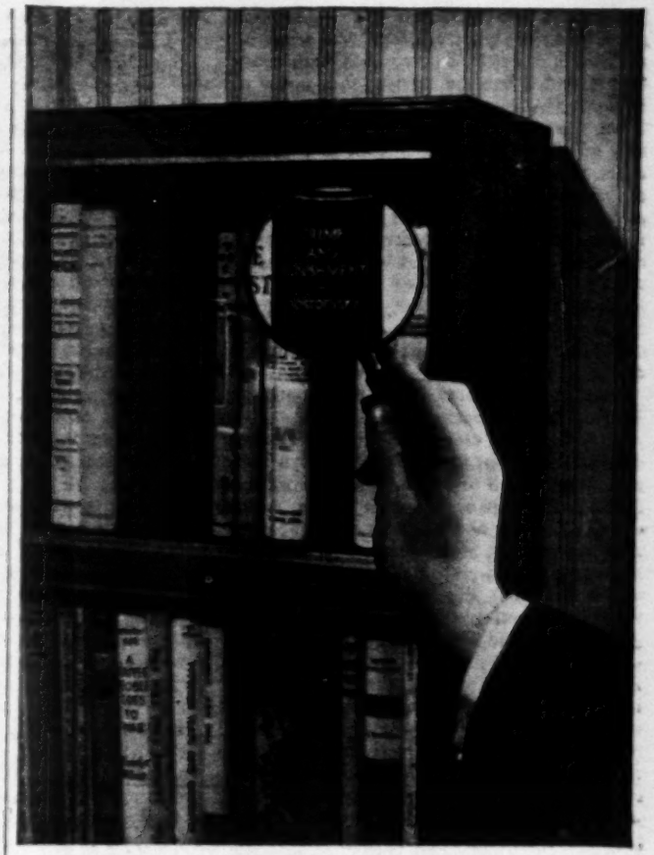
People who make their mark...

are known and respected as much for their preferences as for their talents. Interesting that so often they choose du Maurier, those cool-smoking *Virginia* cigarettes in the elegant red box.

du MAURIER

THE FINEST FILTER-TIP CIGARETTE





The Case of the Tidy Corpse

An odd corpse or two around the house is one thing; but when your better half finds herself knee deep in crime she is liable to take a sudden passionate interest in the vegetable garden. If you find she has prepared an onion bed 6 feet long by 2 feet wide and 6 feet deep, it's time to stand well back from high cliffs, or you may well end up with policemen drawing chalk lines round the body—*your* body.

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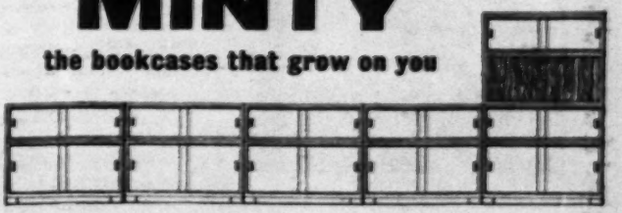

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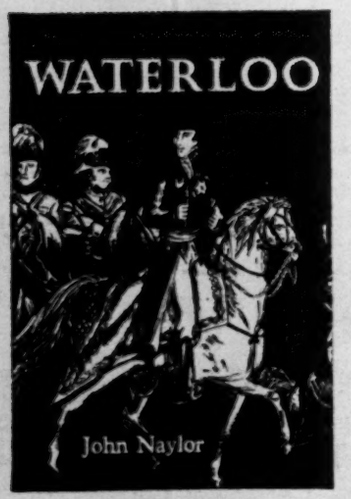
She seemed less the Queen of Palestine than some imperious society hostess. She swept on and off in a costume so covered with beads that it rattled like the curtains in a house of ill-fame. She seemed depressingly at home in a set modelled, apparently, on the banquet hall of one of the sleazier expensive restaurants. Strangest of all, her voice was as frozen as her gestures; she was formal to the point of being pat and the result was a surprising monotony of rhythm all through the first two acts. The play was rescued by Jacques Dacqmine's fine performance as Titus. M. Dacqmine is strong-voiced without being set in the immutably high tragic style; hence he could muster the less formal, more humane qualities that this play of tenderness and renunciation requires. As his confidant, William Sabatier backed him up well.

A Majority of One (Phoenix) is a comedy of good intentions in which a Brooklyn matron, transplanted to Japan, conquers her dislike of the Japanese, brings off a minor diplomatic *coup* and helps good neighbourliness win the day. Molly Picon pulls out every stop in her portrait of the archetypal Yiddisher Momma; she was clever and kind-hearted, scheming and abashed, protective, indignant and hopeless by turns. But it wasn't enough. At every move her daughter, Irene Hamilton, undercut her with one of those indulgent, 'How-clever-you-are' smiles that would freeze the marrow even of Groucho Marx. Why is it the Americans can't have Jewish comedies without self-consciousness, condescension and sentimentality? I can't see what is achieved by this more-togetherness-than-thou. Robert Morley sails improbably in and out, orotund as ever and sketchily disguised as a Japanese millionaire.

A. ALVAREZ

BRITISH BATTLES SERIES



21s

B·A·T·S·F·O·R·D

Figures of Speech

We are, I hope, less euphemistic than the Victorians about calling a spade a spade or a nude a nude, though we do tend to associate both with the woodshed. Francis Bacon's pictures, for instance, cut across this generalisation with their flagrant whispering of our worst suspicions, their tangling with the past as if it were the present event, above all, by their autocratic nature, never appealing, never persuading. It is, I think, an air of persuasion which in the final analysis robs the pictures of Keith Vaughan (Matthiesen) of just that degree of authority which such works need to convince us that they are real – that they are the natural expression of their high ideals. For Vaughan is an idealist in the moral sense, and if I suggest that his pictures do not entirely come off they cannot be considered other than as works of integrity and distinction. Their colour is immediately attractive as natural good taste is attractive, but, as with the images themselves, the sentiment implicit in such harmony has been given a good towelling down. When we make the simplest of queries – what exactly is the painting about – we begin to realise how difficult it is for an artist to express himself directly about those things to which he is most responsive.

It is slightly easier to paint an old man than an old woman – and come up with a work of art. I don't suppose that many people are aware of such a distinction or that it presents any sort of problem to the artist. It has been accepted that such things as bluebell woods, swans and perhaps ballet dancers are difficult subjects just because they have been done to death, but only rarely is the layman conscious that other subject matter of a more general kind may no longer have a validity for the artist. He can go to the museums and 'communicate across the centuries' as much as he likes with all sorts of subjects, images and styles but this is not to say that the aesthetic grammar of the works is current for the present day.

Now the central subject matter of European art has for centuries been the human body. The nude male and female figure have, at different times, inspired the very greatest works, but rarely at the same moment. Right now it is a little easier to make the female nude carry an expressive message. It is easier to *draw* the male, as it always has been, because the physical mechanics of the male body are literally easier to see; but to give it a function, to relate it to a ritual (which could be put on public exhibition) is a very different thing. Indeed very few artists think that the male figure has any more messages to bear. Those that do must speak by allusion but without a traditional mythology. Vaughan doesn't invent justifications for his young men (except perhaps when he uses the title Lazarus); he lets them function as they will but, unlike Bacon, he keeps them quiet about it. He does try to integrate them with an abstract environment but even his most recent elimination, the reduction of individual personality in the faces, is not enough to give to his chosen formal language that degree of spontaneity which convinces utterly.

On first looking into Chapman's Rhondda, at Zwemmers, I did not find quite that elation in place which is so striking in the presence of Sheila Fell's paintings of the Cumberland country, now on view at the Beaux Arts. Chapman has that same respect for the physical peculiarities of the environment he is describing that Giles exhibits even in his most fantastic cartoons or Carel Weight gives to his poetic fantasies. A little of the humour or the irony which those artists find elemental in the human situation would give Chapman's work a poise and a point of view and cause his undoubted talents to develop before he succumbs to the temptations of merely trading in topography.

Sheila Fell's exhibition is impressive, she really does give more than a sensation of passing through a picturesque spot. Even when using elements of the British Railways poster there are constant shocks of the real thing – the view from the train window when one realises that people actually live here, and have lived here all year round. Again she skirts a hazard when dealing with the human image, a touch of Permeke peasantry threatens to romanticise some of the pictures, but on the whole her influences are well digested and she is able to give strength to an imagery already prized as a symbol of crude strength by exhibiting the subtle and rich variations of its character. It is a notable fact, to be added to recent discussion of the characteristics of women artists, that the larger works are the best. Without donning tweeds or trews she can work on a scale which she feels the subject demands and not lose her very individual handling of paint.

KEITH SUTTON

In Darkest Funland

Can a film be funny and British? Experience warns no; yet at the Plaza there's an 11-minute film, *Running, Jumping, and Standing Still Film*, that really makes one laugh. I'm not, I may say, a hard laugher: TV often amuses me with Alfie Bass, Hancock and others. But our films are made differently. Before creeping up to the *Running, Jumping, and Standing Still Film*, I must do my duty by several funnies from which I came away in various stages of unelation.

There's something *about* them funny, certainly. The stag-party comes out strong. *Carry On, Constable*, now on the rounds, has its shower who turn up as recruits, all green, one amorous, one pansy. They live in cells, are taken out by dogs for walks, put their big feet in it, and bring off a *coup*; and the loudest scream is for one of them bolting out from a bathrom with towel clutched in front and a bare bottom. It brought the house down! Bums also, as one might expect, figure in *Bottoms Up!* (Warner): schoolboy bums, with bendings over and a triumphal super-flogging of four with a giant cane on a long platform – and a small boy's pyjama trousers slipping down as he scurries through a doorway. Well, of course, you'll say; this is Britain, our humour's like our cookery. But primitive is as primitive does. There's no reason why our peculiarities shouldn't be funny on a screen: TV shows us every week that in small doses it can be. And also that it needn't always be juvenile. But with the big screen we are back at scratch. Sid James appears in *Carry On, Constable* and Jimmy Edwards in *Bottoms Up!*; and these minor masters are bogged in the push-over routine that will finally close cinemas.

The Battle of the Sexes (Marble Arch Odeon) aims higher, with a Thurber story to start from, but its title gets lost in a go-slow Scots comedy about the oldest-fashioned clothier invaded by modern American business. Peter Sellers as the firm's accountant quietly determines to murder the interloper (female). He gets her into the kitchen, and

snatches up an egg-beater in mistake for the knife. Such moments revive us; but the whole thing, alas, yawns and manœuvres, looks pretty – and isn't a quarter lively enough? There's no one like Mr Sellers for carry-*sangfroid* through the thin of things; and here once again we admire distantly and wonder when his hour will come.

His ten minutes, in which as an actor he plays a comparatively small part, has arrived with the fetching title mentioned in my first paragraph. Here in blown-up sepia he and others (including Spike Milligan and Dick Lester, directing) have deviated from some job-in-hand into a field, where soon a char-woman comes to scrub; she is followed by a short-trousered gentleman who has difficulty with his tent; others in the pastoral scene are discovered flinging the hammer, phono-graphing, and attempting to rise in a Union-jacked box-kite. It's spontaneous, crazy, and *funny*: good heavens, among the sparse lunchtime audience I heard what has almost vanished from the cinema, individual laughter. My own saved-up laughs came out. *Running, Jumping, and Standing Still Film* is a joy. True, it's only a by-blow; it's silent; it takes by surprise; but surely, even in Britain, there must be some commercial outlet for such pent-up spirits?

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Sermons on Screens

THERE is an epidemic of cattle-rustling in Norfolk. In the House of Lords last Monday, Lord Hawke asked if this were due to the prevalence of 'Westerns' on television. Lord Bathurst: 'I very much doubt it.' Whatever social and moral harm may be attributable to TV, discerning viewers – or undiscerning, but sensitive – should have learned some useful lessons, quite painlessly, in the last week or two.

ITV's new Sunday afternoon schedule seems designed to interfere with the Sunday nap. At 2.30 last Sunday *Inside Story* – a series whose episodes are loosely linked by the fact that they all occur in the same block of flats – provided an admirable morality by Elaine Morgan on the viciousness of gossiping neighbours: when a respectable-looking husband returns after ten years' absence, they assume that he has been in jail; but they are even more shocked, and filled with superstitious fears, to find that he has been, and still is a bit, 'mental'. I hope that some viewers were jolted out of similar intolerance; and I liked the poor chap's sadly characteristic 'proof' that his mail was being tampered with. (He had written to Malcolm Muggeridge and Michael Foot, 'yes, and Gilbert, too,' complaining of the government's conspiracy against him, and they hadn't replied – so it was obvious that 'They' weren't allowing his letters to reach them!)

Immediately after *Inside Story* comes another series of hour-long plays, *Suspense*. This week's episode was too far-fetched, but last week's *Decision at Nine* was strong and, again, thoroughly elevating. A man was about to be hanged for the murder of his wife. Her body had not been found, but there was a network of circumstantial evidence – motive, opportunity, blood, and so on. In fact she had been beaten up by someone else, so severely that she had lain in hospital, unconscious and unidentified, for three months. Of course she woke up about an hour before the hanging . . . It was all terribly contrived and sentimental –

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Alan Brien. The Spectator.

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T. C. Worsley. New Statesman.

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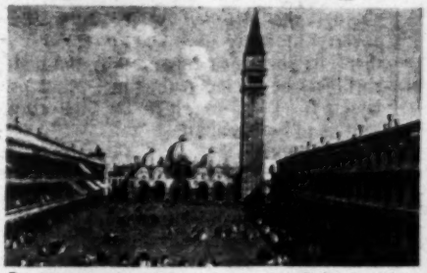

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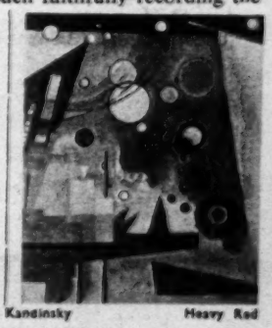

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WHO GOES NEXT?

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*

GRANADA TV

but the trappings of execution, the hangman fondling the rope and measuring the drop, the decent, ineffective chaplain, the blimpish governor, never fail dramatically; and the author, Peter Johnston, had given his story two effective and unusual twists: the hospital nearly couldn't get through to the governor because the prison telephone switchboard was jammed with bogus confessions and messages of protest; and it was the hangman himself–answering the telephone in the governor's office – whom the doctor at last contacted and convinced. There were some improbabilities: the Home Secretary at his desk in Whitehall at 8.45 am (or perhaps he is?), the rousing of the comatose wife by ESP (her husband waking at that moment from a death-cell nightmare and shrieking 'Mary'). But it must have occurred even to semi-comatose post-prandial viewers that, if the procedural detail was correct, an innocent man was within a minute of being hanged.

That evening the BBC gave us *Journey's End*, pruned for time and modern taste but retaining some quaint old decent-chap dialogue and crypto-homo overtones. ('I'm glad it's you and me together, Raleigh . . . Put up a good show.' 'Yes, rather!') It says much for the acting of Richard Johnson as Stanhope (the 'best company commander' whom trench-nerves have driven to the bottle), Joseph O'Conor as the unit's ex-schoolmaster 'uncle', and Derrick Sherwin (the 'unblooded' *ingénu* subaltern who idolised Stanhope at school), for the claustrophobic production by John Jacobs, and, it must be admitted, for the sound construction of R. C. Sherriff's play, that it did not dwindle into *Young England*-type unintentional farce. Again, the thickest-skinned viewers may have been moved to reflect on the obscenity and wastefulness of even the 1914-18 war; while, if they stayed with the BBC for 40 minutes more, they must have been shocked by a more directly propagandist document – Stephen Peet's beautifully photographed *Murder by Neglect*, a study of poverty in Sicily and Danilo Dolci's work there, its poignancy enhanced by the plaintive shrillness of the indigenous lute . . . a proper lesson for Lent, on which Dr Stafford-Clark sent us to bed meditating.

Last Sunday the plays on both channels dealt, in their different ways, with the problem of communication between middle-aged parents and the rebellious young. I am not sure that the solution arrived at in Clive Exton's ITV play, *Some Talk of Alexander* – the Awful Teenager's coyly possessive shop-keeper mum took up with a retired sergeant-major of the Grenadiers, and he made a fool of himself by accidentally setting fire to the boy's car, so that all their tensions were dissolved in laughter – is of universal validity; but this play, being specially written for TV by one of TV's most competent dramatists and containing wonderful impersonations, by Harry Andrews, Ingeborg Wells, and James Culliford, of three variously tiresome, but living, people, seemed far more three-dimensional than the BBC's play the same night, Miles Malleson's *The Fanatics* (1927), which is as dated as *Journey's End* but wore, I fear, less well. It was not helped by a rather static, stagey production.

Then, last week's *Panorama*. There was another implicit moral for those who could see it. A description of the splendours of the new Coventry followed an entirely different item – an argument about common ownership. How many viewers, I wonder, realised that these splendours are largely attributable, precisely, to common ownership?

TOM DRIBERG

Pierre Boulez

THERE has been a number of performances of vocal and instrumental music by Pierre Boulez in recent weeks. *Le Marteau sans Maître* played by the New Music Ensemble under John Carewe had been followed up by the *Improvisation II sur Mallarmé* sung by Dorothy Dorow with the same ensemble; and then on Friday last, a French group including the Parrenin Quartet performed the First Piano Sonata, the Sonatine for Flute and Piano and the rarely heard *Livre pour Quatuor* at Morley College.

Boulez is the first French composer of any standing to have concerned himself with the musical developments of the Second Viennese School. Like most serial composers in Western Europe he is most unsympathetic to the music and ideas of Schoenberg and of the tradition he represents, although he was for a short time a pupil of René Leibovitz. His musical interests or references, as he calls them, are overtly Debussy and Webern and to a lesser extent Stravinsky, Berg and Messiaen. He dislikes all but the early works of Schoenberg and Stravinsky.

The Sonatine for Flute and Piano and the First Piano Sonata were written in 1946 and are an astounding achievement for a boy of nineteen. They are already remote from the thematic sonata forms of the Viennese composers, although superficial sonata characteristics are preserved. Both pieces are typified by the alternation of slow recitative-like sections and generally fast canonic textures. At the same time the traditional concept of metre and rhythm is replaced by a new kind of rhythmic development derived from Messiaen and ultimately from Stravinsky.

The *Livre* for String Quartet was, I believe, written about three years later. In every respect it appears to be a transitional work, incorporating much of the earlier style as well as ideas which were to find their full realisation in *Le Marteau sans Maître*. A first hearing gives the impression that this composition is not a complete work but, like the Structures for Two Pianos heard in London some years ago, the beginning of a series of pieces. Whereas the first two movements clearly belong to the earlier manner, the third is quite different. The exceedingly fast tempo, the short explosive 'groups' divided by silences, the preference for chordal rather than contrapuntal textures underline the similarity between this piece and the *Marteau*.

Le Marteau sans Maître and the *Improvisations sur Mallarmé* have been gratefully received by critics. Everyone has been only too eager to deduce from Boulez's own pronouncement about Debussy a regression to a comfortable impressionist *ethos*. At the same time, vague memories of what goes on in Bali (do we really know?) have been allowed to distract our attention from the real formal progress that Boulez has made after reaching a partial *impasse* in the hyper-organised Structures. At this stage he has done some of his best and most original work. For example there is the development of forms like the last movement of the *Marteau*, which has all the characteristics of a coda-finale and is a most brilliant way of ending a work. The latter (and perhaps more traditional) type of movement is further developed in the Mallarmé improvisation. Debussy comes to mind, not because there is any aural similarity, but because Boulez has now shaken off any vestiges of Webern and his classically-inspired contrapuntal forms.

Only in *Le Marteau sans Maître* has Boulez been able to write a large scale work of great quality. But it is encouraging that, at a time when composer's words are often given more attention than their music, he has developed a musical language which is both attractive as sound and genuinely new.

ALEXANDER GOEHR

Beckett to Music

THE immature work of a real artist may help to define the true nature and potentialities of his maturity. That is why the recent display of works by Boulez, early and late, good and bad, has been so valuable.

The case of Marc Wilkinson, the thirty-year old composer whose *Voices* for soprano and four instruments were given their admirable first performance this week by Rosemary Phillips and the New Music Ensemble under John Carewe, is the exact opposite of that of Boulez. By the time he has reached his thirties, any composer – unless he be a Vaughan Williams – may be expected to have some solid achievement behind him, and to have arrived at something like a formed style; and today, the facilities for the promotion of new music enable most composers to obtain a hearing long before they have reached that stage. But for Wilkinson the first performance of his *Voices* was virtually his London debut. Unavoidably, this placed both the composer and the audience in a false position: the composer, because his past and his future were liable to be judged on a single hearing of a single work, simply because it is recent and therefore – *non sequitur*! – most representative: the audience, because it had to cope not only with the false glamour of a 'first performance' but also with a complete lack of any useful (as opposed to fashionable) yardstick. Perhaps it was as a possible corrective to this that the performance of *Voices* was preceded by a lengthy introductory talk with music examples.

Unfortunately enthusiasm and good intentions are not good enough for a task that calls for much tact and more than a little cunning. We were told about Mr Wilkinson's world travels, but we heard nothing about his earlier works. We were told that he is in touch with the latest developments in music, but we did not learn anything which might distinguish him from others who are in regular correspondence with the centres of progress. Most important of all, we were told that the form of the work is dictated by the text (Samuel Beckett), but the only relationship between text and music demonstrated by example was one so superficial and indeed so jejune that it was almost a disservice to mention it.

However, when it becomes necessary to *explain* that an instrumental effect prompted by the text is intentional rather than a mistake on the part of the player, the responsibility is the composer's and no extra-musical explanation can relieve him of it. There is a sense in which certain compositions of today are conceived with an 'analytical programme note' as a kind of obbligato. Without it they are incomplete. With it, they are at best only a resumé of 'interesting possibilities', and at worst, a game. Mr Wilkinson is a serious musician, but the interest of *Voices* seems more speculative than creative.

The concert also included a performance of *Pierrot Lunaire*, by the same ensemble, which was the best of the three I have heard by them.

DAVID DREW

Correspondence

LEFT HOLDING THE DETERRENT

SIR,—Messrs Crossman and Wigg, in their NEW STATESMAN article and their speeches in the defence debate, have explained why some middle-of-the-roaders supported the 'rebel' Labour amendment rejecting a nuclear strategy. As one of the Victory for Socialism sponsors of that amendment, I should like to give the view of the left on these matters.

The amendment in our view was worth supporting because it refused to take any further steps in the wrong direction. To get members of the Centre to join the Left in even this partial and belated recognition of reality was worth doing. It has spotlighted the academic intransigence of the Right, with their inspiring programme of a slightly mixed economy and go-it-alone H bombs.

What Wigg and Crossman have to say on the latter subject is unanswerable. But they do not propound any real alternative to the suicidal nuclear strategy they rightly reject. In their article they pour scorn on the 'emotional' nuclear pacifists who ask for the unilateral scrapping of nuclear weapons. At the same time they call for a public decision 'to abandon nuclear strategy and bury the British deterrent'. Scrap or keep – which is it?

In the defence debate Mr Wigg mourned the passing of conscription because of excessive reliance on nuclear weapons, deplored the fact that Nato, which at birth was supposed to have 90 divisions, had never been in sight of 20, and concluded that 'If we had 30 divisions in Europe which . . . had the essential resources and equipment, we should not be talking the nonsense we are talking about nuclear deterrents.'

Mr Crossman said he recognised 'the need for a western deterrent, partly nuclear, partly conventional'. In order to cut the defence budget we must reduce either conventional forces or nuclear weapons. The government, he complained (like Mr George Brown), had gone back on the undertaking to keep four divisions in Nato and had reduced its forces 'well below the minimum figure necessary to carry out our engagements . . . If we gave up the effort of trying to keep up a nuclear appearance we should have the resources to have first-rate highly mobile conventional forces which could play their part in Nato'.

Does this mean after all that Messrs Wigg and Crossman also want Britain unilaterally to scrap her nuclear weapons? Or, as Mr Shinwell proposed, that she should keep what she has but make no more (and never use what she has, since she rejects a nuclear strategy?)? Or merely reduce her output from the present three per cent of that of the US to, say, two per cent?

Two points are clear: first, that they want conventional forces so much bigger and better than we now have that we shall have to spend even more on defence than at present and probably return to conscription. Secondly, that 'defence' to them means continuing to act as a loyal ally in Nato (which carries with it CENTO and Seato). That means Britain must go on being a US military base and political satellite, that the decisions about when, where and for what we fight will be taken in Washington, and we may be plunged into the receiving end of a nuclear war at four minutes notice or none. 'Annihilation without representation' will still be our lot, however ingeniously Wigg and Crossman juggle with the proportions of nuclear to conventional arms or the division of labour within the grand alliance run by the US.

Their trouble is that they do not question the assumption that 'defence' means the need to seek American protection against an alleged, but wholly mythical, danger of Soviet aggression. Whereas the Left draws the logical political conclusion from the fact, declared among others by Aneurin Bevan, that the Soviet Union does not want war and that Communism is a social

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challenge, not a military threat. The Left, further, sees that the things our American taskmasters and their British Tory accomplices want to fight for in Europe, the Middle East and the Far East, are reactionary causes not worth the bones of a single British soldier, that they reject the only possible bases of settlement advocated by Labour with the Soviet Union and China, and that the more they pile up and hair-trigger nuclear arms against the imaginary danger of a deliberate attack, or in support of their reactionary policies, the greater becomes the real danger of an inadvertent collision between the rival defence systems.

Therefore the Left wants to scrap nuclear weapons and clear out the American bases, not as a moral gesture, but as a political act, a British declaration of independence of the US, to be followed by applying the principle to Nato, Seato and CENTO, that if our allies will not come to terms with us on how to make peace, we shall no longer consent to be involved by them in war.

K. Zilliacus

House of Commons

BRAINWASHING

Sir, – The proper word, as you point out, is 'torture': the whip, the rack, the blinding light, the black room, the denial of sleep, the battery of questions – used to extract information, confession or recantation. When foreign powers did these unspeakable things our indignation boiled over; but now it is alleged that we did them, where is the equal anger?

This is a matter for sustained rage, for unceasing attack until the criminals, those who authorised torture and those who executed it – whether brasshats, politicians or secret service men – are named, pulled down and destroyed. If we were spiritually alive, the government would be forced, not by the Opposition but by the undivided weight of public anger, to investigate and disclose, or go out in the deepest ignominy.

That is all that can be said of the past, but what of the present? A technique of torture is now being used in the services to prepare men, it is said, for possible torture later on: to toughen them, to make them understand what they are up against, to build up their resistance and so forth. This is stupidity or hypocrisy or both, for there are only two sorts of men who will advocate such measures—fools and sadists.

First, fools. The point of torture is to turn the screw and keep turning it until the victim breaks, or madness, maiming or death intervenes. If the victim knows that the screw will stop turning well before he is shattered, then, as a testing ordeal, the beastliness is useless.

Second, sadists. These don't give a straw about training. Their motive is cruelty and they will carry cruelty as far as they dare – and further when lust in action takes hold of them. 'The regulations have sometimes been exceeded.' Of course they have. Fools make the regulations: sadists exceed them.

But the victims are all volunteers! When some evil schoolmaster brutally thrashes a pupil, is it a plea in law that the victim acquiesced in the beating? No, it isn't. A young soldier, worked on to display his manliness, his powers of endurance, might well be persuaded to volunteer for such tests. He may be simple-minded, he may be an idealist, he may be afraid to say, 'no', he may be a masochist. Who knows what he is – or what he may become under such corrupting pressure!

Certain MPs wish to see this training in action. What do they expect to see? Men with stiff upper lips: men trembling: men fainting: men chained in darkness? They will be disappointed for they will see only a carefully rehearsed charade: 'experts' throwing rapid, confusing questions at volunteers in semi-dark rooms – very clean and hygenic like a detention barracks. They will hear officers congratulating men on putting up a jolly good show.

Criticism so far has been mostly confined to the question of degree. 'Third degree' of course goes too far, but one degree less might do. If we may not wash the brain, perhaps we may dry-clean it. What rubbish! Torture is not a practice to sanction in moderation but to reject as obscene. Nastiness is not a thing to watch but to stamp on.

L. J. Filewood

Tollerton, Nottingham

SCANDAL IN THE ETU

Sir, – Mr Freeman and Mr Hobsbawm are really shadow-boxing! Of course the outcry against the ETU is in essence anti-Communist. There have been plenty of cases of faults and criticisms in trade union organisation – has Mr Freeman never heard of Joseph Goldstein's study of the Transport Workers, to take only one example? And has it not occurred to him that one of the reasons for the Agag-like behaviour of the General Council may be that some of its members are conscious of the glass houses they live in? But it is only the ETU that has called forth his full televisory attention.

But it is just as myopic for Mr Hobsbawm to work himself into a state of indignation because of the political flavour of the rumpus. Whether or not the ETU is as 'good' a union, industrially, as he says it is, the fact remains that trade unions are political as well as industrial bodies; and ordinary persons get alarmed when it seems that unions are politically controlled by disciplined members of a party which takes its orders from elsewhere. This is why the British Communist Party has always had its application to affiliate to the Labour Party turned down; and incidentally why America, in the late Forties, long before McCarthy was heard of, got into such a panic about 'Red' capture of organisations. There is a good deal of indication that that did happen; whether it did any great harm to anyone – or would here – is another question. But that it is unpleasant cannot be denied; and it is muddling the issue to suggest that other bodies – the Lord's Day Observance Society, perhaps – could, if they would, do the same with other unions. They don't; and if the 'democratic constitution' of a particular union allows the Communists to get hold of it, nobody ought to be surprised at the resultant publicity.

Whether trial by television – which is not even a Committee of the Senate or its equivalent – is a good thing is, again, a different question.

Margaret Cole

107 Oakwood Court
W14

Sir, – Mr Foulkes says in his letter of the 12 March that his 'right to reply on television was limited to answering loaded questions posed by Mr Freeman and carefully worked out beforehand' and that 'no indication was given him as to the character or type of the questions'.

I should like to point out that Mr Foulkes himself sought the opportunity to appear in *Panorama*. It is the invariable practice of this programme not to submit questions in advance to those it interviews, but Mr Foulkes had preliminary conversations with Mr Freeman and the *Panorama* editor, both of whom made clear to him the area in which the questions would lie.

George Campey
Head of Publicity

Broadcasting House, W1

SENTENCED TO MARRIAGE

Sir, – The letter of Mr N. F. Barnes on the Christian view of marriage and its incompatibility with the secular view performs a more useful service than he probably intended. It goes to the roots of difference lying between Christian ethics and those of a scientific humanism. The one view is based upon a belief that a divine mind has manifested its ethical will through an infallible revelation; the other takes up a scientific attitude of empiricism towards moral questions. The one view is compelled to hold that there is a universal ethic relevant to every age and situation; the other, following the lessons of psychology and of social anthropology, points out that there is no such thing and that a given society frames its relative moral judgments in the light of social and economic pressures.

Even when there is a temporary coincidence of judgment upon some particular issue, the two viewpoints cannot be correlated. But it is important to recall that the Christian morality depends entirely upon the acceptance of a certain set of dogmatic beliefs which are becoming increasingly rejected among educated people and certainly do not form the working hypothesis of living for more than a small minority. It is this fact which makes highly undesirable the conventional lip-service paid by society to the ecclesiastical viewpoint when such matters as marriage or sex-reform come to be discussed. Incidentally, it is worth recalling that Christian ethics have no right to be put forward as the highest ideal for mankind. Not only did the ecclesiastical morals fall beneath the higher standards of Roman paganism in such matters as slavery or the emancipation of women but, when made active in organised and governmental form, they had a worse record for cruelty and intolerance over the centuries than has had any other organisation in the history of western Europe. Winifred Jerram calls attention to the misery caused by the rigorism of church teaching when applied to certain matrimonial situations. It may be remarked that the church not only wishes to enforce the legal results of this social teaching upon every citizen, whether he be professing Christian or not, but that the matrimonial sphere is far from being the only one in which Christian ethics have engendered considerable social misery. Perhaps an acceptance of this attitude is to be expected in those who, far from following the humanist in his concern for mercy and justice in the world of the here and now, merely look upon this world as ' a vale of tears' and

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reserve their real concern for a hypothetical state of existence in an eternal realm. As a humanist, I am glad that Mr Barnes should point out the final irreconcilability of the two points of view.

F. H. AMPHLETT MICKLEWRIGHT
228 South Norwood Hill
SE25

RADIO POLITICS

SIR, – In the London Diary in your issue of 5 March Mr Malcolm Muggeridge comments on some passages in Sir Anthony Eden's memoirs about his relations with the BBC during the Suez crisis. Mr Muggeridge says that he will 'treasure this episode for use when BBC apologists contend that the Corporation is not subjected to governmental pressures'.

It would be a very foolish BBC apologist indeed who made any such contention – and I doubt if he would continue to be used by us for long in that capacity. Of course we are subjected to governmental pressures, to Opposition pressures and to pressures from all sorts of interested parties. It would be most unflattering to the BBC if these pressures slackened. The question is not whether the BBC has pressure applied to it, but whether it yields to pressure. Not that I very much like the word 'pressure'. It suggests that all representations made to us, all attempts to influence us, are necessarily disreputable. It is not always 'yielding to pressure' to accept a suggestion – even if it is made by a minister.

In the case referred to by Mr Muggeridge, on the basis of Sir Anthony Eden's recollections, the relevant facts are as follows. The BBC took the initiative in inviting Mr Menzies to broadcast many weeks before the London conference. We were told on the afternoon of 28 June 1956 that Mr Menzies 'regretted he was unable to accept the invitations to appear in *Highlight* (television) or to take part in an international press conference'.

In spite of this refusal, we again invited him on 8 August to broadcast in *At Home and Abroad* (sound) on 14 August – two days before the London conference opened. We had gathered that this invitation was likely to be accepted. Later we heard that the Foreign Secretary might claim a ministerial broadcast in sound – as he had every right to do – on the same day, 14 August. On the afternoon of 10 August we told Mr Menzies' press secretary that two sound broadcasts – both taking the same line – would be too many, and as the Foreign Secretary had a right to broadcast we wished to withdraw our invitation to Mr Menzies.

At this point the suggestion came from Downing Street that Mr Menzies might be invited to appear instead on television, and after some discussion we asked Mr Menzies to broadcast in *Highlight*, which was in fact a return to the invitation which had been issued and turned down the previous June. Mr Menzies' television broadcast took place on 13 August 1956.

No one concerned with these matters in the BBC at the time can remember that there was ever any question of a broadcast by Mr Emrys Hughes, and there is no written record of any such proposal.

H. CARLETON GREENE
Director-General
Broadcasting House
W1

NO NIGS AT THE BLACK HORSE

SIR, – It is a pity that Mr Morgan should spoil an otherwise excellent article by attempting to strike a political blow against this Council, through its new point scheme. The blow is as ill-aimed as the beer to which Mr Morgan makes reference was.

Even he says that the giving of 'full weight' for time on the list does not act against coloured people – which is true and, since it was never intended to, scarcely surprising. It is grossly unfair that families (of any creed or colour) should be unhoused before those (again irrespective of creed or colour) who have waited ten years or more in apathy and deteriorating conditions. Our new scheme is indeed revealing the very large number in the latter category.

Because the requirements of the century make some queue jumping inevitable, that is no reason for not housing the waiting list in a fair manner. There is no discrimination against colour – all families are pointed and rehoused on the same basis; indeed, the scheme affects coloured and white families in a precisely similar way.

Finally, may I state that what caused the ill feeling that has undoubtedly grown up was not the fact that coloured people were being housed but rather that under the old scheme families were being housed after only a few months in the borough and ahead of those with many years waiting. It was this state of affairs that provided Mr Webster and others with such a convenient hook on which to hang their policies. When it is seen that the new scheme takes into account not only bad conditions but also waiting time, then I believe that this ill feeling will die down.

P. A. PRIOR
Chairman, Housing Committee
St Pancras Town Hall
NW1

PAYING FOR THE RAILWAYS

SIR, – I regret that owing to an error in transcription – the fault was entirely mine – I gave a wrong figure for the 1947 valuation of railway assets in my article in your issue of 5 March. The sentence should have read 'The Stock Exchange valuation added up to a total of £1,369m (not £1,269m) for the new Commission's railway assets and £346m for their non-railway assets, £1,715m in all.'

HAROLD WILSON
House of Commons

MACALIASES

SIR, – Moray McLaren's opinion that Scots fear to give themselves away sounds good sense. The question arises: why? I suggest there is an outer reason also, the fear of the Scottish 'body'. Make money and your town may make you Provost; write a book or paint a picture and your native town or village has you under some suspicion. It may have something to do with leaving the north; to return from England sometimes means to return to some critical attitude, touched, perhaps, with a feeling of inferiority. And the returning traveller does feel superior. When I used to train north from Euston I had a definite feeling of superiority to the passengers who got in at Perth. Young Gourlay, in *The House with the Green Shutters*, had it even when going home from Edinburgh. Any Scot who expects to be honoured by his own folk must have a low IQ.

McLaren mentions George Douglas Brown. I fancy he dropped the Brown because of his strong complex about his illegitimacy. I can easily understand why he wrote a book under the name of Kennedy King; shame, most likely; for in *Love and a Sword* I failed to find one phrase that foreshadowed the great word-painting in *The House*.

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Malinowski Reassessed: by Max Gluckman

Max Gluckman is Professor of Social Anthropology at the University of Manchester

In the nineteen-twenties Bronislaw Malinowski burst upon the English, and indeed the world, intellectual scene with a series of books and articles about the Trobriand Islanders. Here was a picture of 'savages' which was obviously quite different from the pictures which had reached public attention; and both the vividness of Malinowski's writing, and his picturesque titles for his books, gained him quickly an audience outside the narrow circles of anthropologists. Economists, psychologists, lawyers, philosophers and linguists, studied at once, and for many years afterwards, what he had to say about these obscure islanders, and the general lessons about human society which he preached out of his observations among them. Some of the controversies he raised linger on, for in contrast with his work the writings of later anthropologists have made much less general impact.

Malinowski, then a lecturer at the London School of Economics, was in Australia for a meeting of the British Association when the first world war broke out; as he had been born in West Poland, he was an Austrian citizen, and was due to be interned as an enemy alien; but on the grounds that he was also a Pole, and therefore an enemy of the Austrians, the Australian Government was persuaded by British anthropologists to agree to intern him on the Trobriand Islands. So Malinowski stayed in and with the people he was studying, as no previous anthropologist had done. Moreover, he learned and worked with the Trobriand language, and not with interpreters. This situation had a profound influence on his work: it was the source of his strength and his originality, and yet, I believe, it eventually stifled him.

Earlier anthropologists had depended for their facts on all sorts of books about life among the tribal peoples, books which were biased in certain ways. A traveller passing through a remote area is always liable to be impressed by the exotic and the romantic, the striking and the bizarre; it makes his book, more readable, and therefore more profitable, if he gives undue space to the role in tribal life of ceremonial, war, witchcraft beliefs, and so forth, as against a humdrum account of daily life. This bias persists even into the books written not by passing travellers, but by traders, missionaries and administrators who live for far longer periods in any one tribe. Moreover, particularly in the last century, missionaries and administrators had gone to the colonial areas very consciously to raise and improve the local people, and many of them in their reports emphasised the darkness and barbarity and savagery of tribal life. Finally, they questioned the people, often through interpreters, about their customs and way of life. And if you try it yourself, you will find it much easier, let alone less embarrassing, to describe your wedding ceremony, than to tell your questioner how you live with your spouse from day to day. Thus the records providing the facts for the scholarly anthropologists were biased towards the ritualistic or exotic, and these scholars themselves were chiefly interested in problems such as the evolution of forms of the family, of religion and magic, and of primitive thought.

Because of the situation in which he lived among the islanders, Malinowski became aware of the complexity and intricacy of social life among them. He saw the life of the individual not as just moving from a birth ceremony through initiation and a wedding to a funeral; but he studied men and women of all ages, living together in various stages of a marriage cycle. He saw boys and girls growing up to a culturally determined adulthood: always he saw individuals living within culturally set customs and norms, trying to exploit these for their own ends, using and yet rebelling against their society. He showed that magic was not a set of ideas, as in Sir James Frazer's treatment, but a real and vital part of love-making, agriculture, trading, politics. The passage in Malinowski's work which brings out most vividly for me the illumination of his approach, occurs in the Riddell Memorial Lecture of 1935 on *The Foundations of Faith and Morals*. He describes there how when he was collecting myths from Trobrianders, one man kept boasting of his right, and the right of his clan, to tell a particular myth. Malinowski continually told him to stop boasting and get on with the myth. He says that it took him some months to see that this boasting was an essential part of the myth; and how this led him to formulate his theory that myths were neither an intellectual response by men to explain the nature of the universe, nor an emotional response to helplessness in the face of awe-inspiring natural phenomena, but a present important 'social charter' for the existing form of society, with its distribution of power and privilege and ownership. Something like this had been said before by thinkers in other subjects, but Malinowski elaborated the point in telling detail and built it into his theory of institutions. Against the simple views of his predecessors he stressed the complexity of tribal life.

Almost every one of his books is constructed in this way. His first great book, *Argonauts of the Western Pacific*, shows how, in order to understand the ceremonial trade of the kula ring, the anthropologist must look carefully at complex motives, at property-holding and canoe-building, at magic and language. This book is a tilt against simple views about primitive economics. In *Crime and Custom in Savage Society* he attacks the simple views on primitive law held by Rivers and Hartland, and even distorts the views of Maine and Durkheim in order to attack them.

In short, Malinowski's one great contribution was to give the Western world its first fully informed, rounded description of the so-called savage and his society, in a professional book. Pictures of this sort have been given before: David Livingstone's reports on Africans are notable examples. But Malinowski, with far richer details and with deep sympathy, as well as professional scholarship, established the savage as a man among men, living in a society among societies. He also stressed the 'harmony' of tribal culture, and suggested that anthropology might lead us to a harmonious settlement of our problems.

In the course of establishing the savage as a man, living in an organised society, Malinowski produced insight after insight, analysis after analysis, which others built, later, into more systematic theories of society than he ever achieved himself. For what also seems clear from a recent survey of his work by twelve of his pupils (*Man and Culture*, ed. R. Firth) is that he was never able to see social life or the human personality as a system: he could not manage, working when he did, to see social life as a set of interdependent regularities which constituted a social system, capable of empirical analysis – the approach which has stimulated all important later research in Britain, and allies social anthropology with economics, political science, and jurisprudence. Instead, he more and more became involved in stating how men were conditioned by their upbringing in particular cultures. He ended, theoretically, with behaviourist psychology.

Professor Fortes has said that Malinowski's original insight into the complexity of social life 'warped his work. He could not shake off the compulsion to present his theories and his ethnographic discoveries in the form of an assault on the *ancien régime*.' I believe that, whether from habit or from personal conflicts, he carried this war on his predecessors forward against his successors – his pupils. His own data enabled him to demolish earlier anthropologists, or sometimes the straw figures he made of them. When he began to use a similar technique against the pupils whom he had trained, and who had collected data as he had done, all he demonstrated was that he had ceased to be capable of learn-

The works of Malinowski in print are: *Crime and Custom in Savage Society; The Sexual Life of Savages; Sex and Repression in Savage Society* (Routledge, 16*s*., 42*s*. and 21*s*. respectively).

ing. This is most marked in his essays on the study of social changes in Africa: he failed to appreciate – or perhaps he resented – that his younger colleagues had data as complex as he. He was a great and stimulating teacher: but since he lacked a teacher's most important qualification, the ability to learn from his pupils, some of them had to break from him.

Anthropologists today have to learn a great deal from other disciplines; with one notable exception, Malinowski seemed unable to do so. Professor Firth, an economist by early training, has written that 'the defects in his approach to economic problems were partly due to his lack of knowledge of economic literature, and partly to his failure to scrutinise economic concepts with the same care which he gave to many other ideas.' I came into anthropology out of law, and I feel that Malinowski failed to scrutinise legal concepts with same care he gave to many other ideas. Malinowski helped to break social anthropology's links with inappropriate subjects – the study of man as an animal, archaeology, primitive tools and so forth. But as it developed associations with other social disciplines, he contented himself largely with saying how misguided were the views of these disciplines on primitive man, instead of going to them for aid in systematic analysis.

There was one discipline from which he took in great measure: Freudian psychology. This is most striking, for I would say that in many ways Malinowski's contribution to human knowledge was similar to Freud's. Freud gave us a view of human personality, previously accepted by novelists and playwrights but not touched by academic psychology, in which all of man is included: physiological motivations, sex urges, hunger, unconscious and conscious hate and aggression, perversion, and so on. Malinowski gives us a similar view of man's life in small societies, previously glimpsed by novelists and playwrights and historians, but not handled by academic anthropology. This made a new discipline of anthropology and affected other social sciences.

But Freud went further than Malinowski. He produced a systematic theory. In detail it has been criticised: its main emphases are accepted still, so that, as Auden wrote,

> To us he is no more a person
> Now but a climate of opinion . . .

Malinowski, in contrast, failed to produce a theory and perhaps this is one reason why his legacy is known by his name to so few. His great contribution was the presentation of a rounded savage in place of a series of lay-figures. In achieving this, he defeated himself, because he never rose above his first book. But in detail he made point after point of the greatest insight.

Of course, psychoanalysis makes an appeal to the search for health, as modern social anthropology does not. This is perhaps why Margaret Mead is far better known in this country than Evans-Pritchard, on whom among British anthropologists Malinowski's mantle fell. For Mead, widely read and quoted, deals with the emotional doubts and ill-health of men and women and of nations. It is also true that the savage whom Malinowski established among men is now taking his place among men as a trade unionist and an independent citizen of the world. The interest and attention of intellectuals today is focused far more on the political consequences of this development than on the cultural shifts and changes which occur within the smaller areas of social life that Malinowski so graphically illuminated.

Homeric Murray

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I think it is time that we saw Murray not only as that eminent figure with the wreaths, but as the young man from Australia writing fire-cracker books for people to throw across the room, 'the young fool who now sits in Lushington's chair'; the man who later risked losing his Oxford chair, with all it meant to him, by his acceptance of what the Vice-Chancellor called 'the Chairmanship or Presidency of the League of Nations'. Murray's courage, his coolness in taking the unexpected line, were perhaps his finest qualities, but they have been blurred for us by the veil of undistinguishing respectability which surrounds great age.

This book does something to dispel that mist. It contains eighty pages of his own autobiography, a chapter by Sybil Thorndike on his dealings with the theatre, a most interesting piece by Senor de Madariaga on his work at the League, a good chapter by Bertrand Russell on his long friendship with Murray, and another by Isobel Henderson on his teaching of Greek, two of his Greek versions from modern English, and notes by Arnold Toynbee and Professor Dodds. Of these his own contribution is of course much the most interesting, but terribly tantalising (people were always trying to make him finish it, but he always ended by writing another speech for the LNU). It only covers his childhood in Australia, with some information about his family, his years at school and college and his time as professor at Glasgow from the age of 23 to 33. But these are really the most curious parts of his life, and also the hardest to hear of from any other source. His father's story is quite extraordinary. Son of a Catholic Irish Paymaster who emigrated after Waterloo he was sent to England;

> When he had finished his time at school the Paymaster sent for him to Sydney. Very soon afterwards when he was twenty or twenty-one he was made a 'Frontier Magistrate' and given a grant of land in the bush near Lake George with a number of ticket-of-leave convicts as servants.

In this situation he not only made good, acquiring much property and influence and ending up as Sir Terence and President of the Legislative Council, but sent for, and read, a good library of learned books from England. He passed on to his children both the hatred of oppression natural and

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traditional amongst Irish Catholics, and the aristocratic temper proper to a man, himself of good birth, who had been for most of his life a successful chieftain in a lawless neighbourhood. It was this Homeric background that made Gilbert, for all his detestation of tyranny, impatient of the levelling methods by which the twentieth century resists it. He could not burn incense to the common man, and what he writes of the uncommon men and circumstances of his childhood makes it quite clear why. It is worth noting that his brilliant elder brother, Hubert, never found work to suit him until he too became Homeric as Governor of Papua, in which capacity he expanded and was a resounding success. Gilbert himself, while revering his father and brother all his life as beings of a higher order, achieved himself the far more remarkable feat of domesticating their high principles in a society where the straight left (which he could have delivered quite as well as they) had given place to the committee. Senor de Madariaga gives a delightful picture of him learning, by sheer goodwill, to work with the 'rather large proportion of small, dark, Latin nations' who alarmed him on his first glance round the League Assembly.

But what he did against the grain of his nature is only half the story. Anyone interested in the status of the Classics should read Isobel Henderson's account of his services to Greek. It is profound and fascinating. But the nub of the matter is already in that cocky opening sentence; he *liked* the stuff and knew why he liked it. That is why he could sweep away for ever the standard implied in that appallingly vulgar remark of Dr Johnson's, 'Greek, sir, is like lace; a man gets as much of it as he can'. Greek, after Murray, is no longer an expensive, curious ornament, worn by the upper classes to advertise their wealth and their immunity from honest toil. Aristocrat as he was, he preferred to open the gates, and Greek is Greek again, a fierce jet of spring water. There was no lace on that small, dark, almost Latin person Aeschylus.

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Hodder & Stoughton

dregs of infantile fantasy. Then you enter the prison. Palpably besieged by public abhorrence, it is a repulsive, antiquated structure, far too small for the thousand prisoners who are crammed into its cells. (See, among the illustrations, two photographs of Wandsworth.) The regime, you will observe, is totalitarian. Its dictator, father of too many people, is a cross between a military governor and a public school headmaster. Like the rest of the senior staff – his three or four assistants – he dresses in mufti. But non-commissioned officers wear smart uniforms, salute, march about, and have other military habits. Prisoners will be recognised by their coarse, ill-fitting clothes and humiliated expressions; their behaviour is seen to be immature and difficult, and authority is obviously what they have most disliked all their lives.

By now you are gasping for fresh air; but you must stay; nothing has been said yet about tensions among the staff, in particular the tensions caused by the introduction of new techniques and attitudes. Just consider the perplexity of an ordinary poorly paid prison officer. When he joined the service he probably regarded himself as a protector of society, a representative of the public's Sunday conscience. His training was of the military kind and he accepted without difficulty the idea that force should be met with force. No one ever suggested he should study mental health. One morning an order is passed down that prisoners, henceforth, have problems and he is to try his hand at a little case-work. He asks the nearest social worker (with diploma) to explain. In the lee of the condemned cell he is informed that what is being done to the criminals these days is not punishment but rehabilitation.

Calmly proposing sensible remedies, Mr Klare picks his way through this human muddle with marvellous objectivity, empathy, and patience. At the end of his book you are sorry for everybody. Perhaps no one, really, should be blamed. The educated public has allowed governments to be mean in its name only because of other more deserving calls on its affluence. It is neither kind nor objective to suggest that if the middle classes were suddenly to take to crime prisons like Wandsworth would be torn down and rebuilt within a year.

MICHAEL RAMSBOTHAM

The Man in the Ivy Mask

A Hermit Disclosed. By RALEIGH TREVELYAN. *Longmans.* 30*s.*

What makes a man a recluse? How far can the hermit – once a figure of virtue – be tolerated in the modern world? Such fairly noble abstract questions were not, perhaps, the original motives of this oddly absorbing chronicle; yet they cannot help being examined in the course of it. It was, however, a diary discovered by Mr Trevelyan in January 1942 in a bat-infested loft of Sawkins, his Essex farmhouse home, that started him on the trail. The diary (for 1895-7) had been kept by James Mason, a noted and invisible local recluse, still living a mile or so away. Sawkins had been the home of the Masons until 1906; since then, the hermit had settled at Wood Mead, down the road, in a jungle maze of his own constructing; there he kept bees, read the *Christian Herald*, and lived on wheat, brown sugar and damson jam. Even his brother Tommy, who was based in a hut near the gate and did the weekly shopping at Bishop's Stortford for both, was never permitted to see or speak to him more than once or twice in a year.

At the time of finding the diary, young Mr Trevelyan was a schoolboy of eighteen, waiting for his Army call-up. A week later he heard that the hermit had been found dead, at the age of 84, in his freezing hut. The war and many another matter were to stand between the discovery and the Corvo-like pursuit that he describes, in and out of pubs and vicarages and undertakers' parlours and weirder places still. It should not spoil his story to offer the opening clues.

Take for a start the father, Richard Mason, a retired Army sergeant. He had served in India, and treated his sons, by common report, 'as he did the niggers'. He got them up at 3 a.m., kept them working 'like sugar slaves', would not let them mix with other young people, and beat them, in cold passion, with rakes, the flat of a sickle, 'anything he could lay hands on'. 'At night,' Tommy recalled, 'we just had to crawl into any old place to sleep. We were afraid for our lives with father. That's what made us so nervous.' But even the terrible father had to accept that Jimmy's dislike of human contact was something out of the ordinary.

The diary belongs to the uneasy years between the father's death in 1890 and the sale of Sawkins, which Jimmy by law inherited. We find dark hints of persecution, of 'deadly gagging spite', of poisoning, even, by Tommy's suspected hand. But the pages also reveal the hermit's modest window on the world – a hide near the road where he would watch people pass, put out little presents, and record, in a curiously poetic fashion, what he could gather of their talk. He might have been a rudimentary Clare.

Eccentrics, in England at any rate, may have to face some mockery at the start; they end almost always in an atmosphere of tolerant respect. In later days, 'raskle' shepherds and children had long ceased throwing stones at the brothers; the local police stood guard when a newspaper invasion seemed threatened. Such a disaster had already occurred in 1927, when a reporter for a national paper had broken in and written a piece ascribing the famous solitude to unrequited love. This was followed, a few days later, by another forced entry, this time by a stout and muddied woman, claiming to be the 'Fanny Bell' or loved one of the affair. Both the brothers were severely shaken for months.

Mr Trevelyan himself, one has to admit, is animated not by love but by the spirit of the chase. Still, the result has justified the cause. The image of the Jilted Man, for one thing, has finally been scotched. Are there not other reasons, we may be led to think, for retiring from a world which is certainly not designed – if we take a clear look at its majority tastes and views – for any but the arrogant, the greedy and the coarse? In the light of his own researches, too, the saucy modern questions Mr Trevelyan has set to keep himself from flagging, fall off into absurdity. (Was, he asks, the hermit suffering from a homosexual guilt? from hereditary syphilis? Could he have been deformed?) One can even see why a fairly literate man could use such curious spellings for ordinary names: Erbete, Ednere, Gertram (for Gertrude) and the rest. Remember that they would come to him only through a veil of leaves; that his reading was not of the sort to make them familiar. James Mason's whole view of the world was of people seen on the road through a hole in the hedge, and the diary lets us share this pin-point view. Cer-

tainly the quest for James, through the often scaring minutiae of old-world village *moeurs*, is fascinating. And yet, in a sense, he defeated his biographer after all. What can you do with a man who has not fled from life, as vulgar minds feel happier to suggest, but has simply never cared to be part of it?

NAOMI LEWIS

Through Shadowy Halls

The Anger of Achilles. Homer's Iliad trans. by ROBERT GRAVES. *Cassell.* 30*s*.

Complete success in a translation of this kind is impossible, if we want a total transference of sense, rhythm and word-melody. We might as well hope to reproduce a Bach fugue in the style of Sibelius, or the Ravenna mosaics in watercolours. Even if one could find exact equivalents in meaning for all Homer's words and phrases, the sound-effects would remain intractable.

Yet year in, year out, scholars and men of letters attempt the impossible, some with humility, others with effrontery. And how happily the general public welcomes the benevolent deception! How pleasant to enjoy a swim without going into the water, to ride a bicycle without taking our feet off the ground, to understand religion without going to church, to know Homer without learning Greek!

All the same, even the most devoted of what Mr Graves calls Homer's 'loyal grammarians' will open a new translation of the Iliad by so gifted a poet, novelist, and mythologist, with eagerness and excitement. Perhaps the impossible miracle will have happened, perhaps the transmuting Philosopher's Stone has been found at last.

The first page shows an ingenious innovation. Following the custom of Irish and Welsh bards, Mr Graves has interspersed short lyric stanzas in his prose narrative, to express heightened emotion or sensibility. There is a general objection to this: it gives a wrong impression of Homer's style, which, like an Augustan poet's, invests the simplest and most prosaic moments with a serene ceremoniousness. Unhappily, too, Mr Graves sometimes falls into sheer doggerel. For example, Homer compares the clamour of the Trojan army to the noise that is heard 'when countless ewes stand in the courtyard of a man of many possessions, being milked of their white milk, bleating incessantly as they hear the voice of their lambs'. Mr Graves renders:

> Listen to the ewes complaining
> In our wide courtyard;
> They can hear the lambs, I fear,
> From their uddera barred.
> What loud bleating and entreating!
> Patience, pretty dams:
> Half the milk is for my master,
> Half is for your lambs.

He has given us a trivial nursery rhyme in place of a serious-minded pastoral simile. Another simile:

> The sturdy farmer swung an axe
> That caught the bull on its pax-wax
> Behind the horns; forward it sprang
> And hit the pavement with a bang!

I can find no justification in the Greek for such bathos. In contrast with these, there are some finely turned stanzas, but not many.

Mr Graves argues in his introduction that the attitude and tone of the Iliad is satirical: Homer is mocking the princes of the Dorian invaders, disguised as Mycenaean monarchs. This dubious view may explain his use of words like 'scurry', 'jabber', 'duck', 'prattle',

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BODLEY HEAD

which are not Homer's. So, too, in what is perhaps the most sombrely magnificent scene in the whole poem, when Priam visits Achilles to ransom the body of Hector, Mr Graves makes Priam 'run' to meet Achilles, and later feel 'scared'. Both terms, not in the Greek, seem to me to be out of tune with the prevailing mood of heavy-hearted grief – and Priam is an elderly king (though he can still jump down from his chariot), not an impulsive schoolboy. Mr Graves treats the less majestic scenes more sympathetically. It is a joy to read his supple and intimate versions of the parting of Hector and Andromache, the beguiling of Zeus by Hera, and of similar episodes. In general he never bores, never becomes Homer's slave. Indeed, his sense of equality is sometimes only too clear in his omissions, insertions, rearrangements, and loose paraphrases.

What about Homer's unforgettable imagery – 'the rosy-fingered dawn', 'winged words', 'the wine-dark sea' (Charles Kingsley's superb invention), 'the lightning-flash of armour', and the rest? Here it is sometimes hit, sometimes miss, with Mr Graves. For one particularly challenging metaphor, 'the lily voices of the cicadas', he substitutes 'withered and persistent and shrill'. For 'winged words' he gives 'impatiently'. In longer phrases, too, he sometimes replaces silver with lead: when Homer says, 'already the grain-growing earth held them (Helen's brothers) there in Lacedaemon, in their own dear country', Graves offers, 'the truth was that both her brothers were long since dead and buried in their native country'.

Much of this is a matter of taste and opinion; and here a creative writer may be a better judge than a professional scholar, as the controversy between Matthew Arnold and Francis Newman so clearly proved. So I shall end on a personal note. I admire this translation for its versatility, buoyancy, independence of mind, and for many vivid touches of originality. I miss Homer's nobility and courtliness. I miss his evenness of tone and his compassionate tolerance. Above all I miss the incantatory power of his hexameters, the power which Homer himself describes in the repeated line –

> Down through the shadowy halls they were held by the spell of his words.

W. B. STANFORD

The Dandy

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The Times, News Chronicle, etc., are unanimous in praise of this scholarly perceptive delightful book. 36s.

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Man a Prisoner

The Man They Couldn't Kill. By DENNIS HOLMAN. *Heinemann*. 16s.

From Capri into Oblivion. By ADRIAN GALLEGOS. *Hodder & Stoughton*. 16s.

If This is a Man. By PRIMO LEVI. *Orion Press*. 18s.

Our literary heritage of wartime escapades grows daily. Like insatiable addicts of the bull fight, we demand ever greater exploits, a perpetual dicing with death. *The Man They Couldn't Kill*, Stoker Bob Oldfield, narrowly escaped extinction on more occasions than I could count. While recovering from a powerful electric shock, this cheerful cockney recounted his adventures to Dennis Holman, who has welded them into a competent and lively, if rather superficial, book. We find Oldfield in *Ajax* at the battle of the River Plate; stepping out of a truck in Haifa a few moments before it blows up; removing himself from the King's Arms 30 seconds before that pub was demolished by a bomb. As a prisoner of war he was twice sentenced to death, and twice reprieved. He experienced life in both concentration camp and Stalag VI-B. By the close of this romp I came to grudge Stoker Oldfield even five minutes of comparative security.

Like Oldfield, Adrian Gallegos was a prisoner on the run who tried to slip through the German lines in Italy and ended up in a concentration camp. But Gallegos was a man of creative initiative, and *From Capri into Oblivion* is a powerful book, rich in observation. His account of the passion, fear, bravery and despair which characterised the depleted Italian partisans operating behind the German lines is perhaps the most remarkable feature of the story. He vividly evokes the tension which a Gestapo inspector or an SS uniform would arouse not only in himself as a hunted man, but in the civilians, both Italian and Austrian, who had lost all vestige of commitment in the war and who longed only for the day when the cloud of Hitler's madness would be lifted from their lives. However, Mr Gallegos appears unduly self-conscious about his officer and social status, and he owed at least one reprieve from death to the wire-pulling of a wealthy Italian industrialist. His habit of branding the communist partisans and commissars as invariably bestial and sly I found rather irritating.

If This is a Man is in a class of its own, and its hundred beautifully printed pages comprise a stark prose-poem on the deepest sufferings of man. Stoker Oldfield and Mr Gallegos were sailors, men of action with the will and training to fight back. Signor Levi was a quiet, frail chemist, an Italian Jew whose existence was shattered one day in 1944 when he and his kind were bundled like cattle on to a German train. There followed a nightmare six-day journey, ending within sight of the smoking incinerator chimneys of Auschwitz. Mr Gallegos could later write, 'I would not have missed it for anything!', but Primo Levi, a civilian, a member of an oppressed race, fragile and naive, was to experience the depths of human degradation. His story is told without melodrama, without self-pity, but with a muted passion and intensity, an occasional cry of anguish, which makes it one of the most remarkable documents I have read.

In Auschwitz the layers of civilisation were quickly peeled. The battle was not bilateral, for the oppressed themselves had to prey on their weaker comrades if they were to win favour and survive. The majority, it seems, soon lost the will to live. Chronic malnutrition, brute force, indescribable filth, the constant threat of the gas chambers and, above all, the complete severance of contact with the outside world – a life beyond Kafka's wildest dreams – it was a sub-human existence in which only the super-human could survive.

In a POW camp there may be Red Cross parcels and mail from home. In Auschwitz there was neither. To find a friend was indeed a feat, but to steal his last square inch of bread was not immoral, only the recognition of the ultimate jungle law, the survival of the fittest. Each man was driven in on the wasted bag of skin and bones which was himself. Beyond self there was nothing – only the grey compound, the grey Polish sky, the inhuman Kapo barking orders, a day of unendurable physical labour, watery soup. The smoke of the incinerator chimneys was always visible.

Although Signor Levi reveals himself a born writer, even a great artist, he has written nothing since this book was first published in Italy in 1947. Perhaps he wrote only to banish a dark nightmare from his soul: perhaps there is nothing else to say.

DAVID CAUTE

The Matrix of Medicine

Growing up in Newcastle upon Tyne. By F. J. W. MILLER and others. *Oxford*. 25s.

This title may sound like a hollow and dreary echo of a book by Margaret Mead. Growing up in Samoa sounds attractive enough, but in Newcastle upon Tyne, surely not! There may be some who feel like that, but I have found this study of normal children and their families utterly absorbing. The late Sir James Spence, Professor of Child Health at Newcastle and a man of unusual vision, started in 1947 a study of all the children, about 1,000, born in two months of that year. Since then, these children have been watched by a team of doctors and health visitors from the university and the local authority. Their illnesses and development have been quietly noted and analysed. Six years ago the report of the first year of the children's lives appeared. Here is the account of their growing up from ages one to five.

This really is the matrix of medicine. Here we see what illnesses the children get, how often they are hurt, when they go to hospital. This is medicine as she is spoke – or ought to be. Because, of course, a lot of these facts will be new to doctors and medical students, if not to others. The validity of the survey can hardly be doubted, at least as far as it applies to Newcastle in 1948-53, since of the thousand families only seven withdrew from the survey. This represents an astonishing persistence by the pressing health visitors as well as an amiable compliance by the families. This marvellous co-operation was

obtained although 67 of the children were illegitimate and 20 of the families contained proved or presumed criminals. The information collected by the observers on such elusive things as the amount of sleep the children get makes one think that they must be a squad of unblinking big brothers.

These are a few of the results: as many children have had their tonsils out as have been circumcised and many have had both. Why? Because both operations are usually done at the request of the parents. Does either do any good? It is still impossible to *know* (but not to *say*; scarcely any doctor is undecided, although the information on which to make a rational decision does not exist). If these thousand children had been born in 1921 instead of 1947, 30 would have been expected to die between one and five years old, and if in 1936, 16. But only five did die. Sweden is the only country with a lower death rate for children. Only a quarter of all cases of whooping cough are notified. Is it worth continuing the practice? The popular and fashionable notion that social factors, such as overcrowding, contribute to the spread of tuberculosis in children seems not to be true – though an adult with the disease is a menace right enough. But parents are often more afraid of hurting someone's feelings by keeping their children away from a patient with tubercle than they are of their children getting the disease. One child in ten still wets his bed at the age of five, usually the child of a disturbed or broken home.

The production of the book is excellent and the price very low. No medical student should be allowed to qualify without reading it, nor can anyone else get very far in discussing social medicine from any aspect without it.

DAVID PYKE

Rosebery and Others

The Doge of Dover. By JOHN RAYMOND. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s.*

John Raymond is a glittering survival of that almost extinct species, the essayist and reviewer who is a historian as well as a literary critic. In this entrancing book, his second collection of essays, there is no diminution of the wonderful facility with which he moves from one topic to another or of the sardonic shrewdness with which he contemplates a glorious admixture of humanity. His wide reading and unquenchable interest in almost everything have been strengthened by a steady and marked improvement in the quality of his writing, and, as Mr A. L. Rowse for one could testify – 'His general tone is that of a Band of Hope that has somehow been coaxed into playing "Pomp and Circumstance" ' – the charmer is not without a sting.

The most interesting essay in this stimulating book is that on Lord Rosebery, not because it throws much light upon the personality of that extraordinary man, but because it raises the nagging question as to whether, with all his polish and erudition, Mr Raymond possesses real penetration. The political *vignette* is an extremely difficult literary form and only really succeeds when the author has something new to say and says it supremely well. Mr Raymond passes the second test, and his failure in the first respect is by so narrow a margin that his venture has been more than justified.

His portrait fails because it is essentially superficial, but it is to his great credit that it is so because he is obviously genuinely baffled by Rosebery, and he spurns the ingenious but

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POETRY. We will be publishing *The Grazes Ponds*, by Peter Levi, on March 25 (10/6). It is the Spring Choice of The Poetry Book Society. Recently published was Geoffrey Hill's *For the Unfallen* (12/6): 'An extraordinarily fine achievement.' A. Alvarez, *Observer*.

COOKERY BOOKS. Our list (leaflet available) now includes 37 books. The latest is *Cooking Out of Doors*, by Molly Graham (12/6). Coming soon are *Cook It the French Way*, by Barbara Wilcox and Paul Vigoureux (10/6), and *Greek Cooking*, by Robin Howe (12/6).

RECENT SUCCESSES. *A Choice of Ornaments*, by Nicolas Bentley (25/-). 'He assembles a wealth of splendid, striking and bizarre passages, but they are all so presented . . . as to form a personal view of life.' John Hadfield, *Sunday Times*.

Chinese Art and Culture, by René Grousset (55/-). 'To get 4,000 years of Chinese civilization into a volume not oppressively cumbrous is already a considerable feat. But his survey was a labour of love as much as a duty . . . there is much to admire in his easy marshalling of a vast variety of knowledge and his flow of apt and affectionate comment on the whole gamut of Chinese art,' *Sunday Times*. 16 plates in full colour, 64 in black and white.

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The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz, by Mordecai Richler (16/-). 'An extremely funny and acute novel.' *The Times Literary Supplement*.

Goodbye, Columbus, by Philip Roth (10/6). 'A sparkling delight.' Brian Glanville, *Reynold's News*.

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André Deutsch

unjust theories which have been propounded by others from time to time. Although Mr Raymond is not an uncritical admirer of the Roseberys, he rejects the hostile portrait recently presented by Mr Roy Jenkins in his biography of Dilke, and rightly ignores the ludicrous imputation that either of them were in any way implicated in the downfall of that unfortunate but unattractive worthy. While he makes a passing reference to 'the bizarre legends that afterwards circulated about his reputation' he has nothing to do with the *canards* about Rosebery's private life which gained currency among persons with formidable imaginative powers but no knowledge of that aspect of his personality. Mr Raymond seeks the causes for Rosebery's tragedy in less spectacular but more credible fields, and indeed it is this common sense and integrity which inspire so much confidence; one wishes that he could be commissioned to write a really detailed study of these subjects with access to confidential documents, rather than having to draw his own conclusions from existing published sources.

This point is vital in any understanding of Mr Raymond's work, and explains to a large extent the superficiality of his portrait. He tells us that Rosebery was 'certainly the most enigmatic of British Prime Ministers' – a bold and not uncontroversial observation – but gives us little idea why; his conclusion that Rosebery had 'the soul of a Pitt, the spirit of a Macaulay and the temperament of a romantic hedonist' is splendid but facile. He has missed the cardinal point that Rosebery's tragedy was that of a starved heart, and that his early years, with all their wonderful promise, had given him a facade but not a buttress against adversity. He was always acutely sensitive and reserved; the early death of the father to whom he was devoted and his alienation from his brilliant but overbearing Stanhope mother had led to the cultivation of a pose of aloofness and inscrutability which was welded by events into the nature of his personality. The turning-point was the death of his wife – the one person who really understood him – in 1890, and after this catastrophe the gods who had apparently bestowed all their gifts upon him dealt cruelly with Rosebery. Within a tragically short period almost all of his few really intimate friends – Harry Tyrwhitt, Randolph Churchill, Frank Lockwood and Edward Hamilton being the most significant – died, while they and Rosebery were still comparatively young. It is Mr Raymond's triumph that while he does not really comprehend the causes of the tragedy of the melancholy decline of this rare, richly-talented, lonely, sensitive self-enfolded man through excessive solitude to premature old age, he senses and appreciates the terrible sadness of it all. This is one of those occasions when comparative failure, for in the last analysis his *vignette* does not succeed, should command more interest and more admiration than any number of entrancing but essentially ephemeral successes in other literary fields.

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Birmingham Post *With Harvill* 21s

COLLINS

Idealist of the Round Table

Lord Lothian. By J. R. M. BUTLER. *Macmillan.* 42s.

From his earliest years, the life and thought of Philip Kerr were conditioned by his religious beliefs. His father was the devout Colonel of a crack cavalry regiment, his mother an equally pious Catholic; and for years, at his boarding school, the boy prepared himself for entering the Church. Oxford, however, began the slow process by which his emotional Catholicism was undermined by rationalist doubts. Then, in 1913, while recuperating from an unexplained breakdown at St Moritz, he met Lady Astor, and soon both were dedicated converts to the Christian Science Church. How a man of Kerr's intelligence could study, every day for the rest of his life, the works of Mary Baker Eddy is as inexplicable to me, after reading this biography, as it was to H. A. L. Fisher, who was his tutor and intimate friend. Sir James Butler, writing as a family friend (and, I gather, as a co-religionist) devotes a whole chapter to Lothian's conversion to the creed he formally adopted only in 1922, when he resigned all his business appointments

> mainly because I felt that the continuance of them was incompatible with progress in Christian Science and because I wanted to give some uninterrupted time to the study of the subject.

One of the noblest, ablest and most influential Englishmen of his generation, Lothian was indeed a convert of whom Christian Science could be proud and by whose life and faith the efficacy of this worldly, otherworldly religion could be critically tested. Sir James Butler does not submit Christian Science to this test and he leaves us without any adequate explanation of that baffling, terrible episode when the *Round Table* 'moot' was transformed into the 'Cliveden Set' and Lothian became the simple-minded acolyte of appeasement. But he has used the private papers with a historian's objectivity and all the material is available for the careful reader to make up his own mind about one of the most elusive figures in modern politics.

We see the young idealist start his career as a member of Milner's 'Kindergarten' by drafting a huge report on white indigency. In this remarkable document he repudiated the racism of Rhodes and implicitly attacked Milner's importation of Chinese coolie labour by a reasoned denunciation of 'the pernicious theory that the line between white man and black man's work should coincide with the line between skilled and unskilled labour.'

On his return to London he became the founding editor of the *Round Table* and had the courage to stand up to Lionel Curtis and tell him what nonsense it was to talk of transforming the Empire into a supranational state. After a prolonged period of physical and mental breakdown, we next find him in the 'Garden Suburb', the hut in the garden of Downing Street where Lloyd George kept an unofficial brains trust, as effective and as unpopular as Professor Lindemann's similar group in World War II. For five years Philip Kerr was the Premier's favourite confidant, as he proved at Versailles by composing that austere vindication of the Versailles Peace Treaty which was finally presented to the protesting German delegates.

Up to this point we have a clear picture. Here is a brilliant, charming, up-and-coming politician, a young Imperialist with federal inclinations but with a radical clarity of mind that sometimes carried him to dangerous conclusions. In the Philip Kerr who helped to write the Peace Treaty we can still see the boy of whom his schoolmaster, Father John, reported:

> His greatest danger will be the 'worldliness', and I mean by that, not frivolity or the like, but a tendency to let his mind get warped by the prevailing views he will hear and read about.

Then comes the fall of Lloyd George, the retirement from politics and the complete absorption in Christian Science. After this the picture changes. By 1934 Lloyd George's ardent disciple at Versailles is denouncing the Treaty and excusing National Socialism as a reaction to its intolerable injustice. Without any study of European politics – without bothering even to read the full version of *Mein Kampf* – he is now blaming the opponents of Nazism as blind, prejudiced anti-Germans and advising that the English-speaking people should jointly give Hitler a free hand in the East. It is difficult to believe that the Lothian of the 'Cliveden Set' was the same person as the man who won the complete confidence of Lloyd George.

Yet once again the chameleon changes colour. Appointed, after Hitler's march into Prague, as Chamberlain's Ambassador in Washington, Lothian became in 1940 the exquisitely modulated mouthpiece of Winston Churchill, countering defeatism in the USA, swinging American opinion into support of Britain and, a few weeks before his death, achieving his greatest diplomatic feat, the destroyer deal. In Lothian's case, the motive force of the final brilliant success was the same as that which had driven him to abject failure. A religious fanatic, convinced of the unreality of evil and buoyant with the faith that all is for the good, was exactly the personality required both to win the confidence of the Americans in 1940 and to be duped by Hitler five years earlier. Christian Science was the key to Lothian's life. It ruined the independence of his judgment, but it gave him a faith which could work miracles under someone else's directive.

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ROUTLEDGE
and Kegan Paul

A Selected List of Spring and Summer Books

The books listed below are a selection from those which publishers hope to issue between now and October, excluding reprints and children's books. For reasons of space, we have had to leave out some titles announced for this period, which had already appeared in our selected list last autumn. Some prices are, of necessity, provisional.

Art and Architecture

REYNER BANHAM: Theory and Design in the First Machine Age. *Architect. Press.* 45*s.*
M. L. CETTO: Modern Architecture in Mexico. *Tiranti.* 70*s.*
STEWART H. CRUDEN: The Scottish Castle. *Nelson.* 42*s.*
RAYMOND ESCHOLIER (Tr. G. and H. M. COLVILLE): Matisse, from the Life. *Faber.* 63*s.*
H. GERSON & E. H. TER'KUILE: Art and Architecture in Belgium. *Penguin.* 63*s.*
E. H. GOMBRICH: Art and Illusion. *Phaidon.* 70*s.*
GEOFFREY GRIGSON: Samuel Palmer's Valley of Vision. *Phoenix.* 25*s.*
J. HILLIER: Japanese Prints: A New Approach. *Bell.* 42*s.*
HERBERT READ: The Forms of Things Unknown. *Faber.* 25*s.*
EDOUARD RODITI: Dialogues on Art. *Secker & Warburg.* 25*s.*
R. H. WILENSKI: Flemish Painters. *Faber.* 2 vols. 12 *gns.*

Autobiography and Memoirs

VERNON BARTLETT: And Now, Tomorrow. *Chatto.* 21*s.*
SYLVIA BEACH: Shakespeare and Company. *Faber.* 25*s.*
ANTHONY CARSON: A Rose by Any Other Name. *Methuen.* 15*s.*
CHARLES DE GAULLE: War Memoirs, 1944-46. Salvation. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 30*s.*
PEGGY GUGGENHEIM: Confessions of an Art Addict. *Deutsch.* 18*s.*
LORD ISMAY: Memoirs. *Heinemann.* 42*s.*
NONI JABAVU: Drawn in Colour. *Murray.* 18*s.*
DORIS LESSING: In Pursuit of the English. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 21*s.*
C. DAY LEWIS: The Buried Day. *Chatto.* 18*s.*
COMPTON MACKENZIE: Greece in My Life. *Chatto.* 25*s.*
ILSE MCKEE: Tomorrow the World. *Dent.* 21*s.*
JOHN PUDNEY: Home and Away. *Joseph.* 21*s.*
GORONWY REES: A Bundle of Sensations. *Chatto.* 18*s.*
STANLEY UNWIN: The Truth about a Publisher. *Allen & Unwin.* 25*s.*
LEONARD WOOLF: Sowing: 1880 to 1904. *Hogarth.* 25*s.*

Biography

A. W. BALDWIN: The Macdonald Sisters. *Davies.* 30*s.*
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NICOLAS CORTÉ: Pierre Teilhard de Chardin. *Barrie & Rockliff.* 18*s.*
CHARLOTTE HALDANE: Alfred de Musset. *Blond.* 25*s.*
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G. PALOCZI-HORVATH: Mr. K: Man of the Soviets. *Secker & Warburg.* 30*s.*
HESKETH PEARSON: Charles II. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*
STEWART PEROWNE: Hadrian. *Hodder.* 25*s.*
J. H. PLUMB: Robert Walpole. *Cresset.* 30*s.*
FRANÇOISE REISS: Nijinsky. *Black.* 30*s.*
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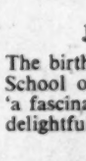

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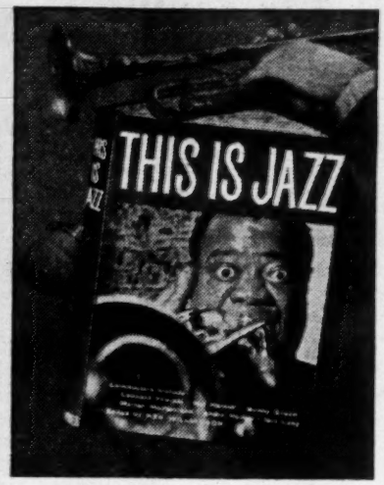

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Bevin and the Movement

It is easier to talk about the importance of recent history than it is to write it. A spate of memoirs, the most marketable of home-produced commodities, leaves the historian restive. So much that is essential is omitted, so much that is obvious is put in. The past is contrived rather than assessed. There is a world of difference between the independent study of a man or of a period and the rearrangement of the facts of one's own life to provide either entertainment or useful lessons.

Independent studies of recent labour leaders are particularly rare, certainly full-length studies designed not for the labour movement but for the public. It is hardly likely that Alan Bullock would have turned to Ernest Bevin had Bevin not ended his career as Foreign Secretary. Yet it is a measure both of Mr Bullock's sense of responsibility as a historian and of the fascination of Bevin as a subject that this first volume of biography* is concerned with Bevin only before he became a Member of Parliament and a Minister. The scale is impressive. This is a massive book – over six hundred pages – about a massive man. It is much more than a prelude to what will eventually follow. Start with an interest in Bevin's foreign policy after 1945, and you must end with trade-union history before 1914.

The main themes of this volume – Bevin's rise as a trade-union leader and the chequered history of British industrial relations – are big enough to sustain a study in their own right. Yet had Bevin passed out of national life in the late 1930's it is unlikely that he would have been singled out for such special treatment. Colourfully individualist though he was, he would have been fitted neatly into the pigeon-holes of general labour history. Like most other labour leaders, he would have been swallowed up in the movement. His final speech as chairman of the General Council of the TUC in 1937 already had a valedictory note about it. 'I am proud of this great Movement, proud of the work it has done nationally and internationally. The honour bestowed upon me I value more than any other honour. I would not change the loyalty of the 600,000 members of my union for all the pelf and place that society can give.'

Apart from novelty of scale, there is a second novel feature of this volume – the independence of the author. In many quarters the idea of such historiographical independence has long been suspect. The labour movement, it is claimed, can only be understood from within. Sympathy is no substitute for participation. Bevin himself made the point in an article written in 1924. 'To understand the workers one must live with them and work with them.' Mr Bullock has never been an 'insider', and his own social background is quite different from that of his subject. He has never been drawn far into the world which he describes in this volume. On the whole, he makes good use of his independence. He starts rather shakily with the first decade of this century, a period of special interest to labour historians, but as he moves along through the inter-war years he warms to his themes, refusing to get caught up in faction fights or to replace fact by gossip. He follows a straight course, Bevin's own course, through the ocean of facts. He succeeds admirably in identifying himself not with the movement as a whole but with Bevin as a person, an extraordinary person inside it. He shares his practical approach, his concern for concrete problems and workable solutions, and his preoccupation with power, and he brushes aside Bevin's numerous opponents almost as quickly as Bevin himself did. He even sympathises with Bevin's way of collecting facts. 'I just meet everybody and keep my ears open. I must have a mind like a sponge: it just soaks up all it hears.' He appreciates Bevin's massiveness of presence and swiftness of mind, his skill in grasping an argument and seizing on the essentials of a problem. Above all, he is fascinated by the quality of Bevin's constructive imagination, his passion for ideas and his disenchantment with 'intellectuals'. He notes the sensitivity behind the self-confidence, the reliance on intuitive rather than analytical judgements, the strength of will, and the streak of luck. Had Bevin written his own memoirs, he would have changed the language but he could not have changed the effect.

Certainly he would have dwelt no more than Mr Bullock rightly does on Bevin's intense consciousness of belonging to the working class. Indeed, Bevin might have taken this for granted. Just as Joseph Chamberlain saw himself in the nineteenth century as the chosen representative of a proud and defiant middle class, hating deference and demanding authority, so Bevin in the twentieth century saw himself as the natural representative of the class from which he sprang. He might be difficult with colleagues, but he understood working-class people instinctively and asserted their claims uncompromisingly. 'We are imbued with the idea', he told Ramsay MacDonald in 1927, 'that we are the last great class to march onward, to rise to power and equity. We believe that we shall rise to the occasion.' From his deep sense of loyalty to his class he derived an equally deep sense of loyalty to the movement which represented it. Treachery was the supreme crime, refusal to stand by your fellows. Unity of purpose was the supreme virtue. 'The workers will never be *led* out of the land of bondage; they will *get* out.'

Because Bevin was convinced – by instinct and experience – of the reality of working-class struggle, he was suspicious of all those theorists of socialism who, in his view, sought to direct or to regulate the struggle by applying to it rules or slogans from outside. He was catholic in his condemnation, not caring too much whether the rules and slogans were derived from 'theoretical treatises in University Libraries', 'middle-class place seekers . . . who proceed to organise the movement for us', or left-wing and Marxist sources. He applied the term 'intellectual' very freely to everyone who did not share either his practical preoccupations or his intuitions.

He was suspicious of intellectuals on two counts. First and foremost, he held that they did not understand the people with whom they were dealing. They got the working classes wrong by ignoring their conservatism, overlooking their interest in immediate gains as much as long-term transformations, forgetting their concern for industrial as well as political democracy. Second, they could never be relied upon to be either consistent or persistent. The intellectuals vacillated: the struggle went on. The intellectuals were moved by frustration or rebellion: the working classes were moved by necessity. 'When we have tried to associate with intellectuals', he wrote to G. D. H. Cole, 'our experience has been that they do not stay the course very long . . It is the necessity to work out our own salvation which is the driving force; whether the intellectuals are with us or not, we must carry on.'

Behind all these judgments there long has been, still is, and doubtless will be scope for ample socialist controversy. Bevin, like Mr Bullock, was content to bypass most of this. He refused to rest his socialism on abstractions or to seek drastically to pull sections of the working class out of their conservatism. There was loss as well as gain in this attitude. The experience of the general strike, Mr Bullock notes, showed Bevin and other union leaders that there were limits not only to their power but to the use they could afford to make of it 'unless they were prepared to risk being carried much further than most of them meant to go'. How far did they mean to go? Would it not have been useful to know? The events of 1931 showed the even narrower limits of political power. Yet during the latter 1930's the main lesson derived from the failure of 1931 was the danger implicit not in lack of ideas or in paralysis of will but in the treachery of a leader. Bevin's healthy pragmatism looks much more convincing in retrospect than the sentimentality of many of his opponents whom he sharply attacked, but was the pragmatism ever enough?

It is important, of course, to distinguish between Bevin's attitude to 'intellectuals' and his attitude to ideas. For converging reasons he and Clement Attlee shared distrust of what Attlee has recently called 'brilliant chaps', but Bevin, in the words of friends who knew him well, 'swarmed with ideas'. And, like Joseph Chamberlain before him, he was 'always looking for some-

**The Life and Times of Ernest Bevin. Vol. I.* By ALAN BULLOCK. *Heinemann.* 50*s.*

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LONGMANS

thing to create'. His ideas were constructive, not theoretical, and he considered them not so much blueprints as seeds of future development. While he accepted the immediate exigencies of the class struggle, he would have preferred to divert his energies to creating a new and better system.

There were many signs of this. In 1926, for instance, he was preoccupied with the immediate problems of the general strike, and, unlike some of his closest colleagues, he quickly recognised the urgency of disciplining 'our movement'. This concern did not prevent him from trying to look round the corner. He confessed that the Samuel Report had 'a distinct fascination' for him; 'I felt that if minds were applied with the right determination to give effect to it, what with reconstruction, regrouping and the introduction of a new element in the management of industry, there would in the end be produced a *higher* wage standard'. A year later he was dreaming of the economic reorganisation not of the coal industry but of Europe, and in 1930 he was turning his attention for the first time to the undeveloped world. As a member of the Macmillan Committee he demanded 'large measures of state-planning', and he continued to advocate a policy of planned economic expansion throughout the 1930's. He broke more sharply with the nineteenth century than any other labour leader. 'To leave our industries languishing and our people to the tender mercies of a worn-out nineteenth-century system is an insane policy', he declared in 1930 in one of the revealing rough drafts of notes in which he often set out his views.

The condition of Britain was such during the inter-war years that Bevin's restless urge to create was left to express itself within the labour movement rather than in society as a whole. It was a great waste that his talents were never employed in the making of national policy and the administration and development of national resources. His achievements were considerable, not least the creation of the Transport and General Workers' Union, but there was often as little a grasp of reality within the movement as there was outside it. For all the charges made against him, Bevin was not a dictator. Indeed, he had a strictly limited power even to dictate events. For those general readers who turn from Bullock's *Hitler* to Bullock's *Bevin* this volume will provide a different, but equally necessary, kind of education in recent history. To many, alas, it will be even more unfamiliar.

ASA BRIGGS

Recent publications about the Soviet Union include *Government, Law and Courts in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe*, edited by Vladimir Gsovski and Kazimierz Grzybowski (Atlantic Books, 2 vols, 8 *gns*); and *Racial Problems in Soviet Muslim Asia*, by Geoffrey Wheeler (Oxford: Institute of Race Relations, 6*s*). *Five Elections in Africa*, edited by W. J. M. Mackenzie and Kenneth Robinson (Oxford, 55*s*) discusses the problems of recent elections in Western and Eastern Nigeria, Sierra Leone, Senegal and Kenya.

Girl with Orange Sunshade

An orange sunshade wheels about her head.
The sunshade, shading sun, is yet a sun
mimicked by colour, halo of the red
and mild attendant of the covered bone.

Yet it is mimic, as if the other sun
should not attack her, being saved by this
paper, not passion, which she learns to spin
as if herself were Fortune, pert-faced miss.

And this cool wheel about her ordered hair
is like the art we nourish in our rooms
on little water and a jar of air.
It holds us steady from the searing flames.
We mimic fire to shield us from the fire
and shade our heads with bright and paper
poems.

IAIN CRICHTON SMITH

Black Sand

Volcanic isles
Grip your memory.
Black sand running through red sieves –
Ultimate jealousy of your sea.

Cast your net into the deeps
and count your catch:
A blue-finned fish.
A many-pincered crab.
A lost engagement ring.

Gulls hide their eggs
in the black sand.
Night spreads its net over yours.

DAVID ROKEAH
English version by M. BENAYA

B.B. in the Flat

Berenson. By SYLVIA SPRIGGE. *Allen & Unwin.* 35*s*.

The Passionate Sightseer. By BERNARD BERENSON. *Thames & Hudson.* 35*s*.

Mrs Sprigge's book on Berenson is not in the proper sense a biography. It is a gesture of piety towards a great historian and critic of Italian Renaissance painting who died last year at the age of 94. She has done a lot of work in European and American libraries; she has had access to some marvellous unpublished letters; some friends have passed on to her their memories. It cannot be said that she has a scrupulous regard for accuracy: when she does not fall into gross error, she seems to be content with what the Italians call *pressapochismi*, 'more-or-lessnesses'. All this is served up as notes for a book. She jumps straight from note-taking to publication, skipping the customary intervening process of transforming notes into a coherent, readable narrative. We are presented with a series of disconnected episodes, many of them so fascinating that we cannot help exclaiming: 'What a book remains to be made out of this material!' No doubt some general impression emerges from the bare facts, but she provides none of the usual signposts to help the reader to form it.

There is hardly a word of criticism of the main characters, least of all of Berenson him-

self. Whether she supposed everyone behaved impeccably, or whether some well-wisher out of *Shockheaded Peter* has been around with an enormous blue pencil, one is not permitted to ask. The fact remains that no one in the book displays both generosity and meanness, courage and cowardice – the only kind of human being we meet in real life. The book has the merit of being quite free from bitchiness, but the result of recent reticence is a certain flatness.

Everything Berenson says or writes is taken at its face value. He himself would have reacted most violently against such treatment. 'Now I never get over feeling like a charlatan if anything I say is taken too seriously by others,' he noted in his diary in November 1953, now published in *The Passionate Sightseer*. His refusal ever to be pinned down to a point of view was his strength and winning charm. Iris Origo, in a sympathetic article in the Spring number of the *Cornhill*, recalls his bewildering insistence on changing his mind: how his wife would complain, 'But, Bernard, you *used* to think . . . ' and how he would answer with a prayer, 'give us this day our daily idea, and forgive us all we thought yesterday.' No friend of Wilde could resist brandishing the weapon of paradox. Mrs Sprigge recalls the occasion when at a dinner party he loked around a table of 'Boston worthies, all of uncontaminated Anglo-Saxon blood' and said 'Gentlemen, every one of you could pass for an Italian' – a story worth repeating, but she tells it as though she believed the observation, like everything he said, to be true. Berenson once informed me that he had never read any book on art except Ruskin's *Seven Lamps*. The lie was more revealing than the truth, but Mrs Sprigge would have erected it into a solemn pronouncement.

I have chosen trivial examples, but the subject of connoisseurship is not trivial. In later years Berenson came to regret the direction he had taken at the turn of the century, of becoming a connoisseur, wishing he had devoted his life instead to elaborating the aesthetic theories he had sketched out in his first books. They poisoned connoisseurship for him: he came to equate it with the squalor of money-making. Mrs Sprigge takes him on trust. It never seems to occur to her that a connoisseur may spend a lifetime in the British Museum in honourable poverty, chasing every dealer from the door.

She swallows whole Berenson's perverse views on modern art. One would have thought the duty of the biographer of so great a man would have been to excuse his attitude towards the noblest achievements of the twentieth century, by explaining that he was too old (nearly 45) for such a revolutionary doctrine as Cubism, that though he had been among the first to acclaim Cézanne and Matisse, some deep disgust with the way things were going forced him in middle age to close down, rather as the most perceptive critic of modern art of Berenson's generation, Félix Fénéon, had done. Needless to say Mrs Sprigge applauds him even for this, as one might applaud Cézanne and Degas even for their anti-Dreyfusism.

The Passionate Sightseer contains selections from Berenson's diaries from 1947 to 1956, describing his travels in North Africa, Sicily and elsewhere in Italy. He was then in his eighties, but he approaches every monument and picture as though he had never looked at a work of art in his life. The text has a wonderful freshness, and the illustrations are on the whole not hackneyed.

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Hero Worship

Great Companions. By MAX EASTMAN. *Museum Press.* 21*s.*

In between the major controversies of his life, Mr Eastman has kept himself in training by friendly sparring with great men. Hero-worship – as he says – is second nature to him. In this book, we have the spectacle of Einstein, Freud, Bertrand Russell, Santayana, Charlie Chaplin, Trotsky turning out, with a certain comic caution, for a couple of rounds with an intellectual scrapper who is quite unlike the usual obsequious interviewer. Mr Eastman has not been a fighting editor and politician for nothing. He is a mixture of aggression and modesty, effusively in love with argument, enjoys friendship, laughter and, above all, character. His complexity barks cheerfully round the simple ankles of the great. He gets Einstein going by disputing about determinism: 'If a mind is determined in its judgment by antecedent causes, then it cannot be determined by reasons upon which its judgment is supposed to be based'. Einstein is not shaken. He laughs all the way up from his bare feet to his head. 'This man is wicked', he says. Then there is Freud. Mr Eastman is no Freudian – he has written a book on Marx and Freud – just as he is now no Leninist or Trotskyite; Freud is suspicious. Has the interviewer come to get a puff for his own book? No. Artlessly Mr Eastman begins with a point of grammar. Why use 'Unconscious' as a noun? The duel is on. The Unconscious, says Freud coldly, 'is not a thing but a concept indispensable in the clinic'. 'A dangerous concept' (Mr Eastman retorts, for he regards Freud as a great demonologist and artist, not as a scientist) 'because people inevitably think of it as a thing'. 'Well,' says the Central European professor who dislikes America and Americans, 'Let them correct their thinking.'

There is the tussle with Santayana in his Italian religious retreat about the value of accepting religious beliefs that you know to be incredible. There is the long bickering with Trotsky, with whom the Eastmans lived for several months, about how to sell articles in America. The portrait of Trotsky in exile is excellent. It catches his bleakness, his despotism, his incapacity to live like a human being and his patient politeness and charm. Mr Eastman has a shrewd guess, in some of his portraits, at the cause of that alienation which is generally present in greatness. There is Santayana's horror of the appalling family quarrels of his childhood. There is Chaplin's unforgotten two years in the London orphanage, which formed his peculiar attitude to money and his inner hardness. Not meanness, but *anxiety* about money, about everything, is, in Mr Eastman's view, at the root of Chaplin's character. He dreads the orphanage every day. Although he makes a blustering defence of American anti-communism, Mr Eastman is passionately indignant about the official meanness and ugliness with which Chaplin has been treated by American officialdom. Americans worship great men, but can't, in their hearts, stand them. The Trotsky, the Chaplin and the very moving account of Casals are the best things in the book. The only portraits that miss are the defensive go at Hemingway and the eulogy of Edna St Vincent Millay; Mr Eastman may have known her too well and certainly wildly overpraises her poetry. He hits out all round at American critics, but it sounds like blood pressure stuff.

Throughout, the pleasure of the book comes as much from the detail of his portraits – one remembers Einstein's hands and Trotsky's blue eyes – as from his own plunging and energetic presence in them. As he pleasantly admits, he can usually remember better what he said, than what they said. This is no very great defect for he is able to catch the temperature of an acquaintanceship or friendship; and above all, he succeeds astonishingly in one of the most difficult things in writing: in catching the words and sensations of a conversation. He is neither conceited nor sycophantic; if he blusters about the communist conspiracy it soon dies down. And, with the possible exception of Bertrand Russell, everyone seems to have enjoyed their bouts with him.

V. S. PRITCHETT

New Novels

The Man Who Would Be God. By HAAKON CHEVALIER. *Cape.* 21*s.*

The Madstone. By DANA FARALLA. *Gollancz.* 16*s.*

The Patriots. By JAMES BARLOW. *Hamish Hamilton.* 16*s.*

Private Fires. By KATHLEEN NOTT. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

The Small Flag. By JORGEN HALCK. Trans. PATRICIA WOOD. *Cape.* 15*s.*

The conscience of the rich is a topic that continues to be fascinating. The subject of the New Men also keeps its interest. We have a combination of both, transatlantic version, in *The Man Who Would Be God.* It concerns Sebastian Bloch, a physics professor and suspected communist involved in the familiar dilemma of should-I-shouldn't-I work on the atom bomb. Professor Bloch really does his conscience proud – martinis with the argument about imperialist war; caviar, vodka and split lobster-tails with the discussion on Marxism; cheese with the chatter about the French economy, and the evening well rounded off with the Professor's wife playing Beethoven's Fourth on the Steinway concert grand and their guest, who happens to be a secret policeman (and, as Mr Behan would say, I don't care who knows it) making copious mental notes on the Professor's more treasonable *mots*, only to find himself later in the also familiar dilemma of should-I-shouldn't-I sell this charming fellow down the river. The problem is solved in a not very convincing scene, by the Professor selling *him* down the river. As I say, the theme is always fascinating, but I began to get fairly irritated with Mr Chevalier's knowingness (excusable, I suppose, when you remember the Oppenheimer business). There is too much good talk and too much good living; and the other thing wrong is that the book totally lacks humour.

The Madstone is one of those books that seem to be begging to be called 'delightful'. It's a summer idyll, on 'gone, gone are the days' lines, about a family's last holiday in a cottage on the shores of a lake. The usual idyllic things happen, the comic beach party, the children's games, the memorable meals with steins of beer (or foaming amber-coloured liquid, as it is called at one point), the bit of scandal about the children swimming naked and damning their grandmother to everlasting fire; and, in the background, the inevitable headlines, GERMANY DECLARES WAR ON FRANCE that nowadays seem to have been framed especially to act as good contrast-material for descriptions of never-to-be-forgotten summers. In the end grandfather dies, the cottage is sold, and the holiday is over. The writing has a superficial beauty, but on closer examination it turns out to be mainly Botanic English, in which an effect of grace is reached by reciting lists of plants, shrubs and flowers: '... lush shady gardens of ferns and jack-in-the-pulpit and wild geranium where the dew-sweet wild strawberries', etc. etc.

It is good, for once, to hold an ordinary novel in one's hands: a plain, satisfactory job that is not concerned with the author's private torments or with the public conscience, but with the business of getting on with the story. *The Patriots* is such a novel. It concerns the fall of Reginald Mills, ex-paratrooper, 'IQ adequate, religion nil, politics nil, hobbies drinking, conversation, fighting and fornication'. He is a building worker (an unlikely touch, this) who falls in love with the office girl; they marry, have a child and move into a nice flat. And then Mills, who has an obsession about the war, gets into a pub brawl with someone who insults his regiment, and finishes up in jail (another unlikely touch). He is a difficult prisoner, gets into bad company, comes out of prison and helps to hold up a train. There is a chase, and he ends up dying, on the run from a murder charge. Mr Barlow gets his drama not from the slow collapse of this crumbling man, but from the events that touch his life; this is the weakness but at the same time the strength of this novel. As the story of a man at odds with society it is not convincing, but as the story of a fight and a hold-up and a chase it is, and I don't apologise

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ADAM & CHARLES BLACK

for the habitual phrase, a rattling good yarn.

Private Fires is Miss Nott's first novel since 1947, and it's the kind of novel that I would have enjoyed reading – in 1947. Since that date, however, a new crop of novelists has come along and they are able to describe more keenly than Miss Nott what life in a South London rooming-house is like. We know, now, that a fireman inviting a 'toff' to an Express Cafe doesn't say, 'You'll do me the pleasure of coming round to my Express. They're just open and they do you very nicely. On me! And happy and proud I am'. We know that the town hall clerk doesn't tell the office boy to 'can it, you young oaf'. These stilted characters move through an interesting enough story, which concerns the efforts of Mrs Hand, one of those brave old ladies who never said die in the blitz, to build up a respectable 'pension' for business-men. She is constantly thwarted by the town hall, by a troublesome lodger called Len, and by the Duke, a suave fire-raiser of the type usually described in the papers as 'ex-public-schoolboy'. The backcloth of the book is the bombed-site, the blitzed building, the crumbling lodging house, the overflowing dustbin – 'Ours is the economy of the waste, junk, scrap-metal, rag and bone.' A fascinating theme. If only Miss Nott knew how firemen invite toffs to Express Cafes.

The Small Flag, a Danish novel, is about a United Nations Observers' team whose job it is to keep an eye on two hostile countries in an imaginary part of Asia. The four observers – an American, an Englishman, a South African and a Dane – seem rather stock national characters to me, but the story is very well told, with some good descriptive stuff, and a good bit of tension.

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Professor Andrade. New Scientist 21 : 1 : 60

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New People in E. Africa

East African Chiefs. Edited by AUDREY I. RICHARDS. *Faber.* 42*s.*

This is a book about an important African paradox: that the idea of progress is very largely confined to an elite minority and real democracy is too often the ally of reaction. The progressive minority may be the leaders of a mass party; in Uganda, however, they are very widely entrenched in the old tribal political structure. In the one case you have bosses – *apparatchiki;* in the other, mandarins – chiefs. In Southern Uganda and the neighbouring areas covered by this study the old order was hierarchical, based on the plentiful use of violence. The Pax Britannica abolished violence, but it also abolished many of the checks and balances which limited autocracy in practice. Especially in the early days it was largely a case of 'all power to the chiefs' – provided that they used it to execute British policy. To make them efficient they were given education, and with their great power and wealth they took care to pass this on to their children. The result is a powerful, self-perpetuating ruling class, landed and traditional, yet also a real 'meritocracy', even in Buganda, where the patronage principle clashes most obviously with the idea of appointment on merit. To the peasants, especially where chieftaincies were more or less invented by the British in order to group small clans together, the higher chiefs often seem just specially powerful examples of the 'New People' – the educated, socially superior and interfering upper class; by contrast, the political parties are all too often seen simply as a means of bringing about 'a return to the old ways and to a world where there will be no latrines to be dug and no anti-erosion ridges to be made'.

The material collected here is fascinating, which is more than one would guess from a blurb which states: 'A feature which will appeal to students is the analysis of 1,154 career histories of chiefs at different administrative levels.' But the book has a serious weakness. All but one of the field studies are by anthropologists, and 'structural-functional' analysis is, to speak frankly, the most frustrating approach imaginable for a subject of great current political significance. For instance, a main theme of the book is how far the chiefs have been converted into the agents of an efficient and democratic local government. Yet the only study which gives more than the barest indication of how far local councils have been built up is significantly enough written by a political scientist. What the other writers are really interested in is the changing functional role of the chiefs in their chosen society, the cross-pressures they are subject to and the devices they resort to in order to replace bygone sources of authority, such as rituals and magic. Several of these studies are individually stylish and absorbing but the whole approach seems really incompatible with the search for generalisations, as Dr Richards finds. Most of her conclusions consist largely of drawing attention to differences. One would give a good deal to have had four studies, instead of fourteen, with a really serious account of the wider context of local government policy and practice. All the same, the central problem of Uganda is that the aim of transferring power to New People at the head of a nation-wide nationalist party has been frustrated by the vitality of the old order, manned by another brand of New People who have won popular backing in the interests of tribal separatism; this problem is crucial for East African politics, and the key to it is contained in this book.

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Report

Given the setter ('how appropriate', wrote H.A.L., 'that you above all men should take a phantom's interest in this motley contest!'), it was reasonable to expect a few epigrams on the pattern of the Balliol verses: but only Ian Weinberg obliged:

> First come I, my name is Hugh,
> There's no voter I didn't pursue,
> I am Professor Regius,
> Whom I don't like won't rule us.

Partisan sharpness was sadly lacking, no doubt for the reasons outlined by James S. Fidgen:

> A banker or PM, which will they choose?
> Which one is set for academic glory?
> But yet however quiet votes the don
> One thing is sure: and that's another Tory.

He wins a prize, as do the authors of entries printed, at the rate of half a guinea an asterisk.

> **Should not our Oxford's Chancellor reflect
> The spirit of the place? Why then, elect
> The PM. Here we have a candidate
> Old and urbane like us – and, like us, out of date.
>
> J.S.

> ** Dons, certain of their bets on Oliverum,
> Deplored late starters that might tend to queer 'em.
> The favourite slumped. It seemed the interloper
> Was great Haraldus, out of Trevor-Roper.
>
> FRANK PAVRY

> **'Twould be too much for any statesman's health
> To guide *both* Oxford *and* the Commonwealth.'
> Thus spake *The Times*. Well, if it's 'either . . . or'
> We'll choose Macmillan for our Chancellor!
>
> R. KENNARD DAVIS

> * Let us now praise Oxford men,
> And new MAs at twelve pounds-ten,
> Who show the world by such degrees
> Why they elect such men as these.
>
> P. W. R. FOOT

> ** For Nous be it, Oliver, Harold for Fame,
> There's nothing to choose, for what *is* in a name?
> The whole silly fuss doesn't matter a damn.
> We order things better, I swear, by the Cam.
>
> ALBERICK

> * Not tested old at odds with daring new:
> Two horses these of weary shades of blue.
> Oxford, whichever way the matter stands
> You'll have one more lost cause upon your hands.
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Market Jitters

The market has been nervously groping its way back upwards, half-ashamed of its fears yet still half-convinced that they were justified. Wall Street, its main worry, is feeling a little better: the business outlook is much what it was before, but there are hopeful rumours about that the Federal Reserve Board has changed its mind about the danger of inflation and is already working to make money easier. What has certainly happened is that high profits have made US companies unexpectedly flush of cash at the tax-gathering season while investors, worried about Wall Street, are deliberately going liquid; short-term money is easy for the moment, there has been stiff competition for Treasury bills, and the US rate is now a full point below our own.

The fact that people are putting their money into bills rather than into the future is interesting, but it does not necessarily mean that the Fed has yet changed course; nor is a modest market rally, based on the idea of such a change, something to put much reliance on, since the Fed will change only when business sentiment and the business outlook has changed fundamentally. Money may become really easy only when there is nothing immediate to go for on Wall Street, and the other stock markets in which US investors are interested may feel its impact. It is appropriate that the Canadian government should be considering measures in next month's Budget designed to slow down the inflow of capital from abroad and break the vicious spiral which makes Canada steadily more dependent on this inflow to cover her mounting payments deficit.

Wall Street apart, there's little but a pendulum sort of open-mindedness to explain the stock market rally. Investors are still nervous, despite a general feeling that prices have higher to go before the present cycle comes to an end. The only hard news of the week is certainly not encouraging – slight drop in exports and a sharp rise in imports during February. One month's figures mean very little, but these are bound to aggravate the anxieties of Mr Maudling; sterling is firm for seasonal reasons, but it is generally assumed that the balance of payments surplus for the last quarter of 1959 will turn out to have been small. The rise in industrial stocks, which presumably explains the continued rise in imports, is not without relevance to the behaviour of bank advances over the next few months; if the government attempts to check both, a rash of new issues will become even more likely than before.

* * *

When the two leading bids of the day – those of Fisons for British Drug Houses and of Electric & Musical Industries for Henry Simon – are simultaneously withdrawn, it is plain that the bid business is not what it used to be. The two bidders had different reasons for throwing in the sponge. EMI, whose share price jumps erratically up and down with Wall Street, and whose chairman is personally involved in the affairs of the Simon companies, withdrew its bid proposal as soon as it became clear that the directors of Henry Simon were still going ahead with their plan to recommend a merger with Simon-Carves. Fisons, though its bid price remained consistently above the market price of BDH shares, failed to get enough acceptances to carry control: the price margin was relatively small, and the majority of holders were presumably unwilling to throw away for so little their chance of the oral contraceptive profits held out by the chairman.

Yet there was also a similarity between the two. Both are companies which have grown rapidly and whose shares are priced relatively high; both have vigorous chairmen anxious to widen the groups' interests - Fisons to reduce its dependence on fertilisers now that it has been forced to reduce its profit margins, EMI to find a profitable industrial outlet for its government-sponsored know-how in electronics. Both have recently been in the bid headlines, Fisons for failing to win control of Crosse & Blackwell, EMI for losing the battle for Lancashire Dynamo, and both are now back there for the same reason. It is not too much to say that their repeated failure has provoked a general feeling of satisfaction. Bids are all right, in the orthodox view, when the aim is to get hold and make better use of idle cash or undervalued property. They are all right again when two companies in a similar line of business merge their interests, or when a large public company acquires small private companies whose owners are anxious, usually for tax reasons, to rid themselves of financial worries. But we have now got to the point when any large company with lots of cash (or a high share price to make cheap acquisitions possible) can catch the fever and make extravagant bids for companies which may be perfectly well run in a quite different line of business. The feeling in the City about the defeat of Fisons and EMI is a mixture of delight in Tom Brown beating the school bully and satisfaction in proving how difficult it is to buy Killarney.

Company News

British Nylon Spinners is jointly owned by *Courtaulds* and *ICI*; its profit, which fell from £9.6m to £4.8m in 1958, recovered to £10.4m in 1959 and there is every reason to suppose that it is still rising. *Calico Printers* last year earned less than the cost of its dividend. This year it has produced an interim dividend which promises a substantial increase in the total and an interim statement which shows that printing and merchanting income is well up and that royalty income from Terylene – 60 per cent now comes from abroad – has probably risen still further. *Associated Electrical* reports a dividend and profit which is virtually unchanged; the second half-year, disappointingly, was not up to the first half, mainly because the price-cutting war in cables forced the cable division, including two new acquisitions, to operate at a loss. Birfield, which makes motor accessories, reports a fall in profit during the year to end-July 1959; in the first quarter of the present year, however, profits have soared to the boom level of 1954-5 and, if maintained, will cover the proposed dividend four times over.

TAURUS

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The Chess Board

No. 540 Gamesmanship A.D. 1497

That was when Juan Ramirez Lucena published his celebrated treatise containing much useful information on the openings as well as the first demonstrations of the "smothered mate". No less useful, no doubt, was the advice to place the candles on one's left and possibly so as to impair the opponent's vision of the board: moreover, while partaking of water one should keep the opponent's glass filled with heady wine, and only if it was a lengthy game should one take some food, so as not to be too weak in the head. 119 years later we can find some equally shrewd anticipation of Stephen Potter in the chess book published by August, Duke of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel-Lüneberg. His pen-name was Selenus, and his advice is as useful now as it was in 1616: Confuse the opponent by staring intently at a perfectly harmless pawn or piece while you are actually scheming something on another part of the board.

I gleaned this from Dr. Werner Lauterbach's *Das unsterbliche Spiel*, published by Walter Rau Verlag, Düsseldorf in two volumes offering an interesting potpourri of games, problems, and anecdotes. One of them is a dictum attributed to Spielmann: 'Play the opening like a master, the middlegame like a wizard, and the endgame like a machine.' Here's a game by Steinitz (minus QR) in 1863.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3 Kt-QB3; (3) B-B4, B-B4; (4) P-QKt4, BxKtP; (5) P-B3, B-R4; (6) P-Q4, PxP; (7) O-O, Kt-B3; (8) B-R3 B Kt3? (P-Q3!!); (9) Q-Kt3, P-Q4; (10) KPxP, Kt-R4; (11) R-K1 ch, B-K3; (12) PxB!, KtxQ; (13) PxP ch, K-Q2; (14) B-K6 ch, K-B3; (15) Kt-K5 ch, K-Kt4; (16) B-B4 ch, K-R4; (17) B-Kt4 ch, K-R5; (18) PxKt mate.

Here – Breyer-Esser, Budapest, 1917 – is by that brilliant Hungarian master a few years before his untimely death at the age of 27.

(1) P-Q3, P-Q4; (2) P-QB4, P-K3; (3) QKt-B3, P-QB3; (4) P-K3, Kt-B3; (5) B-Q3, B-Q3; (6) P-B4, O-O; (7) Kt-B3, PxP; (8) B-Kt3!, P-QKt4? (P-B4!); (9) P-K4, B-K2; (10) Kt-KKt5, P-KR3; (11) P-KR4!, P-KKt3; (12) P-K5!, PxKt; (13) RPxP!, Kt-Q4; (14) K-B1!! [The meaning of this will appear ten moves later], KtxKt; (15) PxKt, B-Kt2; (16) Q-Kt4, K-Kt2; (17) R-R7 ch!, KxR; (18) Q-R5 ch, K-Kt2; (19) Q-R6 ch, K-Kt1; (20) BxP!, PxB; (21) QxP ch, K-R1; (22) Q-R6 ch, K-Kt1; (23) P-Kt6 [Now, but for that provident K-move Black could save himself by the B-check, followed by . . . Q-K2], R-B2; (24) PxR ch, KxP; (25) Q-R5 ch, K-Kt2; (26) P-B5!, PxP; (27) B-R6 ch, resigns.

Finally a win by Bogoljubov in 1934.

(1) P-K4, P-K4; (2) Kt-KB3, Kt-QB3; (3) B-Kt5, P-QR3; (4) BxKt, QPxB; (5) Kt-B3, B-QB4; (6) P-Q3, Q-K2; (7) B-K3,Kt-B3; (8) BxB, QxB; (9) Q-Q2, B-Kt5; (10) P-Q4, Q-Kt5?; (11) KtxP, O-O-O; (12) O-O, RxP; (13) Q-K3, B-K3?; (14) Kt-Q5!, Q-B4; (15) QxR!! Black resigned because of the powerful Kt-checks to come: and readers should bear that in mind when dealing with the 4-pointer for beginners.

A. R. J. Capablanca 1918

Here it is, a game-position achieved by Capa in New York, 1918. He played (1) RxP!, RxR; (2) BxKt, and since . . . BxB would obviously lose at once, his opponent tried . . . R-Q8. It looks good enough, but it isn't. How did White force a speedy Win? **B & C** are both wins and should be easy enough for 6 & 7 ladder-points with the helpful hint that both of them symbolise the victory of spirit over matter. White being reduced to the minimum force required for the mate.

B: Berthold Lasker: /5r1k/5B2/4KpQp/5Pb1/16/2p5/8/.

C: A. S. Kakovin, 1936: /8/2p5/3prpb1/4k3/4p3/4KP2/4KtP2/22R5. Usual prizes. Entries by 28 March.

Report on No. 537. Set 27 February

A: (1) BxP, PxB; (2) RxP ch. K-Kt2; (3) B-Kt7? etc.

B: (1) Kt-R6 ch, K-R1; (2) B-R2!, P=Q; (3) B-K5 ch, etc. if (1) . . . K-Kt2; (2) BxP, P=Q; (3) B-Q4 ch, etc.

C: (1) P-Kt4! [BxP? being countered by . . . P-B3 and stalemate], P-B3; (2) B-B5!, PxB; (3) PxP, P-Kt3; (4) K-B1!, PxP; (5) P-Kt6, P-B5; (6) P-Kt7, P-B6; (7) P=Q, P-B7; (8) Q-Kt2 mate.

A good many flawless solutions. Prizes: C. H. Brown, S. N. Collings, M. G. Harman (Junior), J. M. Hollis, G. Lines, J. J. Walsh.

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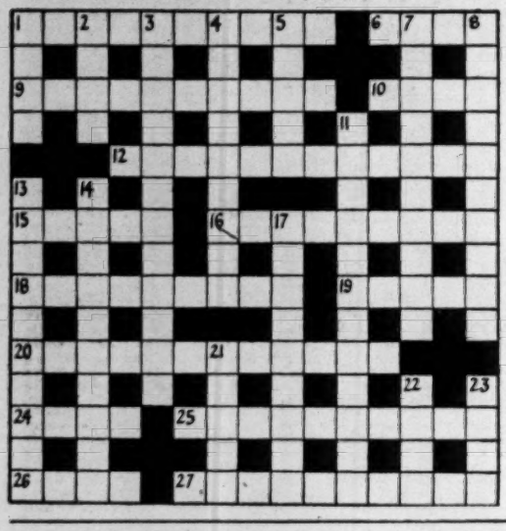


ACROSS

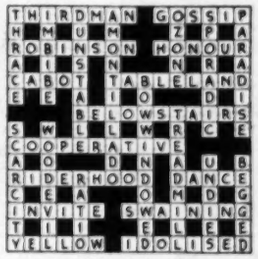
1. Appropriate for once is fact under revision (10).
6. Legislation for show business (4).
9. Office which puts a foreign language into the head (10)
10. Friendly pirate (4).
12. Those who give false reports are at first caught by pupils (12).
15. 'High —— are most agreeable to our ancient constitution' (Swift) (5).
16. Acting with headlong energy (9).
18. In obscurity resign and get kind messages (9).
19. Land in a single bed (5).
20. I follow the age of mobile homes for somewhere to stop (12).
24. The flavour of an unfinished tune (4).
25. Rewritten postscript punishes pretentiousness (10).
26. After a second the wood does for a frame (4).
27. Where children amuse themselves it starts with fun and ends with a bit of a fight (10).

DOWN

1. Head publisher (4).
2. Name for ducks (4).
3. Sitter in vain confused and without object (12).
4. I turn once, turning into a soldier (9).
5. Atlas has it in a brown colour (5).
7. Sailors discover gold in old pieces of furniture (10).
8. The relative walks on a river (10).
11. He shows one the world in a plane (12).
13. B.B. thought they should be stimulated (10).
14. Nuclear weapons prevent splits (10).
17. Bill comes first with future generations (9).
21. Country in which a single friend is beheaded (5).
22. The country needs to celebrate for studying (4).
23. Not new in the previous edition (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 395



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 395

Dr Latter (London, W10)
A. J. Ryder (London, NW6)
Miss Mackie (Newcastle)

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UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
The Queen's College
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Candidates must by 1 October 1960 have passed all the examinations required for a first degree at Oxford or another university, and must not have exceeded the thirtieth term from their matriculation, national service being excluded from the computation. Candidates should apply to the Provost, Queen's College, Oxford, not later than 30 April. They should enclose a statement of their qualifications and of the nature of the advanced study or research they propose to undertake, and should submit any publications or other completed work they wish to have taken into account. They should also give the names of two persons prepared to act as referees.

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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County Hall, Aylesbury.

ADVERTISING

WADDICOR'S need a COPYWRITER who can think clearly and write well to all age groups on both consumer and prestige accounts. A young man with a good agency background will find the work interesting, the agency congenial and the rewards commensurate. Write first, please, without specimens, to The Secretary, T. Booth Waddicor & Partners Ltd, 22 Dorset Square, NW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

FAMILY WELFARE ASSOCIATION

Applications are invited for the post of DEPUTY to the GENERAL SECRETARY (Chief Executive Officer). Must be a professionally qualified Caseworker with administrative and casework experience. Interest in experimental work essential. Excellent opportunity to assist in reorganisation and development of a much needed service.

Starting salary £1,100 p.a. Superannuation Scheme.

Further information and application forms on request to the General Secretary, Family Welfare Association, Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, SW1.

PRISON WELFARE SERVICE

Applications are invited from trained and experienced social workers for vacancies at HM Prisons, Birmingham, Lancaster, Manchester and Stafford. Salary as for Probation Service. Full details and application forms from General Secretary, NADPAS, 66 Eccleston Square, London, SW1. Closing date 31 March, 1960.

NEUCHATEL JUNIOR COLLEGE
NEUCHATEL, SWITZERLAND

This Canadian section of the Swiss public educational system requires a young man, under twenty-five years of age, to help organisation European tours holidays, riding, skiing, supervision, other activities during term. Cultivated background, cultural interests essential so as stimulate interest concerts, art, architecture, etc. Driving licence and ability get on with boys and girls seventeen-eighteen years age assets. Excellent opportunities learn French and German, see something Europe, North Africa.

Applications should be addressed to the Principal, Neuchâtel Junior College, Neuchâtel, Switzerland. A hand-written statement past experience, names of two referees and recent photograph should be enclosed.

PSYCHOLOGIST/STATISTICIAN

An Australian market research organisation with a considerable consumer and advertising research business has a vacancy for a senior research officer.

Applicants should have:
(i) an Honours degree in psychology, or equivalent qualifications, with appropriate statistical experience;
(ii) a flair for experimental design;
(iii) and experience in consumer and/or advertising research.

The successful applicant will be concerned with surveys in progress and will also have opportunity to conduct experimental studies for the company.

The starting salary will depend upon qualifications and experience but will probably be in the range £A1,850-£A2,100. There will be excellent chances for promotion.

Applicants should write under confidential cover and enclosing an account of their qualifications and experience to:

'Australian Research',
c/o Mather & Crowther Ltd,
Bretlenham House, Lancaster Place,
London, WC2.

INTERVIEWERS

Women between 25 and 45 who can spare 3 or more days a week are required by a new and rapidly expanding Market Research firm doing a particularly interesting type of work. Preference will be given to anyone who has a good standard of education and is free to travel.

Please reply to Box 3073.

BBC has following Television vacancies in Manchester: (a) Producer, Talks, required to produce varying types of talks features and magazine programmes. This demands imaginative origination of ideas in visual terms, practical ability to execute them effectively and at speed, creative use of wide variety of visual material including film, and mastery of techniques of television production. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 max. p.a. (b) Production Assistant, Talks. Production Assistants contribute generally to programme formulation and content, assist producers in programme administration and in preparing and mounting productions, including presentation of studio items, and selection and direction of film sequences. This requires developed visual imagination and ability to translate programme ideas into practical television. Some previous experience of production in radio or television an advantage. Salary £1,230 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,580 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.126 N. Stm. and indicating post applied for) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Work Analyst (preferably in early 30's) in its Central Establishment Office: for study of organisation, procedures, work methods, staffing and job duties throughout the Corporation. Requirements are a qualification (preferably in science or technology) from a University or professional institution, together with some three years' experience in Work Study, (particularly Methods Study) or equivalent fields. The work requires high personal qualities, including an enterprising, analytical mind, wide general interests, and an understanding approach to working relationships among people of widely differing backgrounds. This is an interesting post with good prospects of promotion to a more senior position. Salary £1,545 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,970 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.130 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science. One Research Officer and one Research Assistant are required to work on a follow-up study, sponsored by the Department of Scientific and Industrial Research, of attitudes and vocational adjustment of young men, which is expected to last two to three years. Applicants should have good degrees, preferably in Sociology or Psychology, and experience with survey work and interviewing. Salary scales: Research Officer within the range £900 × £50 – £1,500 a year plus £60 a year London Allowance; Research Assistant £600 × £25 – £675 a year. In assessing the starting salary consideration will be given to age, experience and qualifications. Applications, indicating the position for which the candidates wish to be considered, and with the names of two referees, should be received not later than 4 April 1960 by the Secretary, The London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

CENTRAL Office of Information require a Senior Information Officer (unestablished) to control the production of a group of documentary, television and advertising films. Candidates should possess experience of sponsored film production, a good publicity sense and a reasonable grasp of public affairs. Some experience of television advertising and/or of overseas information work would be an advantage. Salary £1,395 to £1,660 (men); £1,370 to £1,630 (women). Write, giving age, full details of exp. and quals. to Manager (P.E.1018), Ministry of Labour, Professional & Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon St, Lond., EC4.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HOME Civil Service: Administrative Class. 10 posts of Principal for men at least 35 and under 52 on 1.8.60 with regular service in HM Forces or HM Overseas Civil Service ending between 1.8.58 and 31.7.61. Short written examination, administrative tests and interview. Salary (London) £1,500-£2,120. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application forms, quoting 553/60/8. Closing date 21 April 1960.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Temporary Lecturer in the History of Economic Thought. The appointment will be made for a period extending from 1 October 1960 to 31 January 1961. The salary will be on a scale £900 to £1,650 per annum, according to qualifications and experience, with membership of the Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than 2 April 1960 to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

BBC invites applications for Reserve List of Spanish/Portuguese Monitors (based at Caversham, near Reading), to provide candidates for future vacancies. Duties include listening to and selective reporting of contents of news and other broadcasts from abroad. Idiomatic knowledge of Spanish and Portuguese, perfect hearing, sound knowledge of world affairs, ability to type and translate into good English essential. Shortlisted candidates will be asked to undergo tests. Starting salary £935 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with promotion to salary range £1,095-£1,370 p.a. when fully proficient. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 60.G.132 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within 5 days.

UNIVERSITY of London. Goldsmiths' College, Training Department. Applications are invited from women for the post of Lecturer in Primary Education in the Training Department to deal mainly with Infant but also some Lower Junior work. Teaching experience desirable. Pelham salary scale for training colleges. Appointment to date from 1 September 1960. Applications (5 copies) with names of 3 referees to the Warden, Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, London, SE14, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

YOUTH Hostels Association. Assistant Advisory Officer, to encourage open-air activities and countryside interests among young people. Good education, knowledge of youth hostels. Commencing salary £650 p.a. plus travelling and subsistence allowances. Particulars and applin form from Natl Secretary, YHA, St Albans.

they have to LIE TO LIVE...

A young man, able and likeable, is refused a job. A boy is kept indoors because of the cruel talk of neighbours. A woman is afraid to marry and have children. Who are these people? And what unites them in a common bond of misfortune?

They are all epileptics. They suffer from an attitude of mind which harks directly back to the fears and superstitions of the Middle Ages. Even in England, in 1960, they are still regarded as pariahs, forced into deceit so that they try to conceal their condition even from the doctor.

Under today's medical care the condition can be controlled. The vast majority of our estimated quarter of a million epileptics could lead normal, useful lives... if Society would let them.

The British Epilepsy Association wants to create a world which accepts epileptics with reason and humanity. Write to us for the free booklet which tells you what epilepsy really is and how your voice can help to change the future for all epileptics. The British Epilepsy Association, Dept. NS.3, 27 Nassau Street, London, W.1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MIDDLESEX County Council. Assistant Youth Officer required in Ealing (woman preferred). Good education, practical experience and/or training in Youth or Social work essential. Knowledge of working of Youth Service desirable. Salary Misc. IV/V, £590-£715 plus London Weighting up to £30. Application forms and particulars (f'lscap s.a.e.) from Borough Education Officer, 26 Castlebar Road, Ealing, W5, returnable by 25 March. Prescribed Conditions. (Quote C.140.NS).

BEDFORDSHIRE County Council. Houseparents required for family of 10 children in pleasant Children's Home in Sandy. The Housemother to be responsible for the running of the Home, her husband to follow his own employment outside and to receive free board and lodging in return for services in evenings and weekends. Salary for Housemother in accordance with NJC Scales. We regret no accommodation for children of staff. Particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, 3 St Peter's Street, Bedford.

HOUSEMASTER (preferably resident) required at Stamford House, London, W12, a remand home and Classifying centre for 104 boys 8-16 years. Three other Housemasters employed. House group system involving physically separate house groups about to be introduced. Housemasters take charge of house and have control and help of assistant staff. New staff quarters (result of extensive rebuilding) almost ready for occupation. Successful candidate will be one of a team of specialists engaged on assessment and allocation of boys committed to approved schools and in producing reports for courts on boys remanded. Boys spend normal school hours in education department. Duties include liaison with probation officers, welfare officers, etc. and co-operation with psychologists, psychiatric social workers and psychiatrists. Opportunity of contact with approved schools in central and southern England. Comparable experience (pref. in approved schools) essential; degree/diploma in sociology/social science or Home Office Child Care Certificate an advantage. Salary within £540-£880 less £134 14s. for full residential emoluments; 8 weeks leave. Application forms from Children's Officer, (WDO/NS/497/3) LCC County Hall, SE1.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Second Psychiatric Social Worker in the Psychiatric Department of the Maida Vale Hospital, Maida Vale, W9. The department consists of two Consulting Psychiatrists, Registrar and two Psychiatric Social Workers. The work is very varied and interesting, is concerned mainly with outpatient adults and parents of disturbed children and there are opportunities for both long and short term case work. The duties involved could be varied according to experience of the successful applicant. There is good office accommodation, secretarial help and restaurant facilities. This vacancy is a replacement. Applications with two references, should be sent to The Secretary, National Hospital, Queen Square, WC1. (Mr E. Glithero, PSW, National Hospital, Queen Square, WC1. TERminus 3611, will be pleased to give any information about this post).

'DUNCROFT', Moor Lane, Staines, Middlesex (Approved School for Senior Girls). Applications are invited for the post of Relief Instructress at the above School which accepts girls of good intelligence who are in need of psychiatric treatment. Salary scales, which include equal pay increments, according to qualifications and experience. Board/lodging is provided at a charge of £135 per annum. Forms of application from the Correspondent, NAMH, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W1.

FAMILY Service Units requires men and women caseworkers for the further extension of its pioneer work in London and several provincial cities. Salaries range from £525 p.a. for beginning caseworkers to £950 p.a. for senior workers. Children's allowances. Pension scheme. Training provided. Further information from the Secretary, Family Service Units, 25 St Mary's Grove, London, N1.

GENEVA. English-language weekly newspaper editor needs French-speaking male junior assistant immediately. Hard work. Small salary. Chance to learn all aspects newspaper work. Written applications with photo to: Editor, Weekly Tribune, 19 rue de la Croix d'Or, Geneva.

MANCHESTER University Settlement requires a resident Warden to be in charge of all activities and supervise the residence. Experience in social work an advantage; vigour and enthusiasm essential. Self-contained flat and full board provided. Salary according to qualifications. Particulars and application form from Dr J. N. Hartshorne, Botany Dept, The University, Manchester, 13.

WARDEN and Housemother wanted for Frances Mary Buss House, Bow. Residential post suitable for married couple. Salary according to experience and qualifications. Apply with full particulars and references to Secretary, Society of the Frances Mary Buss House, North London Collegiate School, Canons, Edgware, Middx

BURNLEY Council of Social Service and Citizens' Advice Bureau. Organising Secretary (man or woman) required for the above Council. Salary scale £610 by £30 to £765; point of entry to be determined according to qualifications and experience. Social Workers' Pension Scheme. Applications, with names and addresses of two referees, to the Hon. Secretary, 183 Coal Clough Lane, Burnley, not later than seven days after this advertisement appears.

NATIONAL Council of Social Service has vacancy for half-time Organising Tutor for 2-3 years to develop, in conjunction with National Old People's Welfare Council, refresher and training courses for voluntary workers in Yorkshire, based on Leeds Office. Experience of social work and teaching desirable, and ability to drive. Salary £350-£400 p.a. according to qualifications and experience. Further details and application form from 26 Bedford Square, London, WC1. Closing date 4 April.

HOUSEMOTHER wanted at end of April to care for a group of six younger boys in a small school for maladjusted boys, aged 9-16. Tolerance and a genuine love and understanding of disturbed children essential. Salary £300 a year plus full residential emoluments. Apply The Principal, Tylehurst School, Forest Row, Sussex.

NATIONAL Council of Social Service has vacancy for Administrative Assistant to help run training and refresher courses for Matrons of Old People's Homes. Degree or Social Science Certificate desirable. Typing essential. Starting salary £500-£550 p.a. according to experience and qualifications. Apply giving two referees to Administrative Secretary, 26 Bedford Square, WC1. Closing date 31 March.

CAN You Care for Children? For single women who have some experience or aptitude in looking after children there are vacancies for assistant housemothers in houses at Beechholme, Banstead, Surrey, for children deprived of normal home life. The work and life in this community is rewarding and stimulating. Opportunities for training and promotion. Comfortable quarters; domestic assistance. £465 × £15-£540, less £134 14s. for board, lodging and laundry. 4 wks leave including Bank Holidays. Apply Children's Officer (WDO/NW/446/3), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

OXFORDSHIRE – Teacher for General Subjects required by small school providing special educational treatment for maladjusted boys aged 11-16 years. Resident post for single person. House available for married person. Previous experience in Special Schools not essential. Burnham scale plus usual allowances. Apply in detail to Principal, Swalcliffe Park School, Swalcliffe, Nr Banbury.

ACTON Society Trust requires research worker for social research in industry on projects to be discussed at interview. Qualifications required are a good degree with at least two years experience in research and/or industry. Starting salary £800 to £1,000. Please send full particulars to the Director, 39 Welbeck St, London, W1

APPLICATIONS are invited from women who are interested in the problems of training young mentally subnormal women for industry and providing a sheltered environment for those unsuited to life in the community. Salary scale for suitably qualified persons £565 × £20 (3) × £25 (3)-£700 plus appropriate London weighting. If you think you have the necessary qualities apply in writing to the Secretary, Fountain Hospital, Tooting Grove, London, SW17, giving details of age, qualifications, experience and the names and addresses of two referees connected with your work.

CHARTERED Librarian required at Norwood Technical College, Knight's Hill, SE27. Librarian Grade II scale £860-£1,040; appointment may be made above the minimum, if appropriate. Application form with details from Education Officer, Estab. 2/Y, County Hall, SE1, returnable by 1 April 1960. (635).

RESEARCH Assistant needed, full-time or half-time, for work in economics or statistics. Degree or other qualifications required. Salary according to qualifications and experience within the range from about £450 to £600 p.a. full time. Applications with the names of not more than two referees to the Clerk to the Faculty of Commerce & Social Science, The University, Birmingham 15 by 2 April 1960.

EDITORIAL Assistant to help in revising postal courses, editing drafts, monthly magazine, etc. Capacity to write good English important. Interest in Trade Union Movement and Current Affairs an advantage. 38½ hour week with Saturday concession; 3 weeks annual holiday; superannuation scheme. Salary scale £550 × £40 to £725 per annum, commencing rate depending on qualifications and experience. Some assistance with removal expenses and housing. Apply J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry.

NURSES (SRN and SEN) wanted for Jewish Old Age Homes, London. Salary Whitley Scale or higher. Every comfort provided. Box 2849.

CHILDREN'S Moral Welfare. Assistant caseworker urgently reqd Hampstead/St Pancras district. Interesting rewarding work. Write: Bedford, 16 Heathgate, NW11.

THE Secretary of the London Symphony Orchestra requires a bright, well-educated young lady as personal assistant. An enthusiastic interest in music and musicians, and a knowledge of typing and elementary book-keeping are essential, while an acquaintance with one or two foreign languages will be an extra recommendation. A fair salary and plenty of stimulating hard work are offered to the successful applicant who writes, stating her age, experience, qualifications, etc., to the LSO, 59 Sloane St, SW1.

TRADE Union Organiser required for the Film and Television Industry. Please write in the first instance for full details, scope of duties and application form, to the General Secretary, Association of Cinematograph, Television and Allied Technicians, 2 Soho Sq., London, W1

EXPERIENCED teacher interested in modern technique of teaching French/German/English. Crafts, movement, drama or P.E. an asset. Town and Country School, 38/40 Eton Ave, NW3.

MADRID – The Mangold Institute requires, commencing August/Sept., 1. Assistant Chief of Studies: strong personality, experience modern methods of teaching languages, knowledge of Spanish; 2. Chief of Social Cultural Activities: good organiser, lively personality, teaching experience, good knowledge of Spanish. Applicants for these posts must remain 3 years minimum, preferably longer. If married, wife must teach part-time. Apply: Mangold Institute, Madrid.

FULL-time mobile lady, with car or scooter, required by Christian organisation assisting World Refugee Year and other Causes, including The Aged at Home and Abroad. Work includes interviewing householders and Ministers. Training and encouragement given. Salary £450 p.a. plus £4 weekly board residence when absent from home. Car or scooter allowance. Satisfying work with considerable scope for energetic person. Write age, past work, aspirations. Box 3110.

MATRON required Co-Ed. School. Experienced, understanding, interested in working independently. Box 3063.

INTERESTING and progressive position in Handicrafts Showroom for young man with knowledge of crafts. Apply The Manageress, Dryad Handicrafts, 93 Gt Russell St, WC1.

SHORTHAND-Typist/telephonist (small switchboard) urgently required for varied work in small commercial organisation, Westminster. Hours 9.30-5.30. Friendly socialist atmosphere...Ring TRAfalgar 2721.

BAKER Street. Best posts at Aster Agency, 231 Baker St, NW1. WEL. 3582.

SECRETARY with legal experience reqd for partner in West End Solicitors. Must be able to use own initiative. 5 day week 9.30-5.30. Good salary for right applicant. MAY. 5336.

SHORTHAND-typist required by Trades Union Congress. Varied work; good salary scales; superannuation scheme; canteen; 1 Saturday in 12 only worked. Apply giving age, experience and qualifications to General Secretary, 22/23 Gt Russell St, WC1

POLITICALLY - informed, hardworking typist-sec., 30-40 hrs wk: Parliamentary Profiles, 34 Somali Rd, NW2. HAM 6673.

SECRETARY, 22/27, for MP (Conservative). Interesting post. Apply Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676

TOP Secretary required by Theatrical Personal Manager, W1. £12 per week. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

RUSSIAN-English Typist required to assist scientific translation editor at publishing house in Oxford. Accuracy and knowledge of Russian more important than high speed. Write to Personnel Manager, Pergamon Press, Headington Hill Hall, Oxford.

GRAVITY may affect light, but tea and a chat with Winifred Johnson is a 'shift' towards a better job. Winifred Johnson (Bureau), 114 Holborn, EC1 (next to Gamages). HOLborn 0390.

COPY Typists required by the National and Local Government Officers Association. Salary from £210 per annum rising to £525 per annum. Pension scheme: Staff canteen: 5 day week. Apply in writing to the General Secretary, NALGO, 1 York Gate, Regent's Park, London, NW1.

ARCHITECT'S Office, South Kensington, has vacancy for boy with GCE and ability in drawing and mathematics; to be trained for the profession. Box 3125.

WANTED: Nanny, fully experienced, for three children aged 8 weeks, 20 months and 5 years. High wage and happy home. Other help kept. References required. Apply: Mrs Young, Sandyridge, Bollinway, Hale, Altrincham, Cheshire. Phone: Ringway 5108.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

SECRETARY, administrative, experienced in handling correspondence, typing, some book-keeping, has worked in school and hospital, seeks post in September, Southern Counties or Midlands, country or small town. Apply Box 2890.

YOUNG man, 20, experience of free-lance journalism and radio production, seeks London post in advertising, journalism, publishing, etc. Box 2846.

ACCOUNTANT (36, qual.), last 10 yrs tax specialist large prof. firms, sks change. Consider any bus. or prof. post. Knowledge investment, languages. Box 3160.

WRITER (m., 31) requires work, urgently. Try anything. Box 3167.

FRENCH retd officer (51), good Univ. educ., expd, sks post as French teacher or tutor near London. Box 3124

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

STELLA Fisher Secretariat Ltd, 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644. Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. MSS. Theses, etc. Mod. terms. MAI. 2659

MRS Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Rd. TEM. 5588.

DUPLICATING, sh/typg. Mabel Eyles, 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N11. ENT. 3324.

JAY Cory for all typing, duplicating, Bills/Quantity. Parliament Mansions, Abbey Orchard St, SW1. ABBey 2354/5817.

MSS, all kinds of typing. Goodhead, 95 Marsh Lane, New Mills, Stockport.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Also photo-copying of documents, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. The Colinad Co. Ltd, 117 City Rd, EC1. CLE. 9637 (5 doors from Old St Tube Stn).

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St, W8. WES. 5809.

Social Changes in Britain: INDUSTRY — **By Niky**

LECTURE CRSES, &c. contd from p.432

MOOR Park College, Farnham, Surrey. 25-27 March, 'Christianity and Humanism'. The Rev. W. T. Tinsley, MA, BD; Dr W. E. Swinton, Ph.D, FRSE. Apply Director of Studies.

BIRKBECK College (University of London). Session 1960/61 begins Monday, 3 October 1960. Applications are invited from (i) part-time students wishing to follow evening courses for Internal Degrees in the Faculties of Arts and Science; (ii) full-time and part-time students wishing to read for Higher Degrees by thesis or to follow courses leading to MA and MSc. Mathematics, MSc. Crystallography, and the Academic Postgraduate Diplomas in Psychology and Numerical Analysis. Applications for admission should be made before 1 June. Pamphlet and form of applic. may be obtained from the Registrar, Birkbeck College, Malet St, WC1.

ARCHITECTURAL Association School of Architecture. Selection Board Examination for admission to years other than the first, in September 1960, will be held on 2 May. Last date for applications: 20 April. Full particulars and appln forms from: Principal, 36 Bedford Square, WC1.

CHEMISTRY GCE Advanced Level Revision Lectures Tues., Wed., Fri. evgs WC1. Selected topics for June exam. (London). Exp. prof. tutor. Full course 10 gns; 12 lectures 4 gns; 1 lect. 10s. 6d. Box 3158.

TUITION by Post for GCE. Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from E. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB, Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

HOME Preparation for Examinations. University Correspondence College, founded 1887, conducts tuition by post for General Certificate of Education (London, Oxford, Cambridge, Northern, and others), London University External Degrees (BA, BSc, BSc(Econ), LLB), & certain Diplomas. Low fees. Prospectus free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

SECRETARIAL Training, especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy, Davies's, 1⅞ Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand. Private tuition. BAYswater 1786.

SHORTHND/Typg priv. tuit. Mabel Eyles 10 Beaconsfield Rd, N11. ENT. 3324.

GREGG and Pitman Intensive Secretarial Courses. Day and Evening Classes. Frances King Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, SW7. KEN. 4771.

TOUCH-typing. Learn in 12-24 private lessons. Miss Sutton. FLAxman 7967.

CHINESE Correspondence College: Mandarin, Cantonese, Japanese. Crses to BA level. Recorded tapes. Translation serv. Evng classes. 13 Park Ave. Nth, London, N8

HOLIDAYS Prepare for them with French, German, Italian, Spanish classes. Small groups. Lunch-time & evening classes. The Travellers' School of Languages, 35 Endell St, WC2. TEM. 2202.

GCE Courses in English Literature, Languages, Economics, etc. Also English for Foreigners. Part- or full-time. Day/Evg. Reduced fees for long crses. St Giles' School, 63 Oxford St, W1. GER. 1460.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre. School of Foreign Languages & School of English for Foreign Nationals. Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street, LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

RUSSIAN Lessons have started at St Antony's Schl of English. Small grps. 2s. 6d. p. hr. 4 Elvaston Pl, SW7. KEN 0889

ITALIAN and French priv. lessons by expd native teachers. PARk 5917.

FRENCH Correspondence Courses: (1) Complete French Course (2) Basic French for Conversation (3) Translation Courses. Send for prospectus, Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

SPANISH Guitar Lessons. Auth. Spanish meth. Personal & class lessons by Len Williams. Apply free booklet cont. 'History of the Guitar'; Spanish Guitar Centre, 36 Cranbourne St, WC2. COV. 0754.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method: Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11.

FOR Yoga classes and correspondence courses, please write to Yoga Centre, 13 Hampstead Hill Gardens, NW3.

EASTER & SUMMER SCHOOLS

'SOCIALISM and Industry'. Fabian Easter School with Tom Driberg, Robert Neild, Reg Prentice, Michael Shanks, Peter Shore, Dorking, 14-18 April. Details: 11 Dartmouth St, SW1. WHI. 3077.

EASTER & SUMMER SCHOOLS — contd

BAOSF Summer School at Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. 17-24 September. African speakers. Inclusive charge £7. Details and enquiries, Secretary, Transport House, Smith Square, SW1.

SPEND an interesting week at an NCLC Summer School, either in Britain or in Denmark. Places are available at Danish schools for weeks commencing 25 June and 2 July. Fee including board, accommodation, tuition, excursions and air fare only £33 for the week. Places are also available at schools to be held in July at Beatrice Webb House, Dorking, and in August at Wortley Hall, near Sheffield, at £7 10s. for the week. Apply J. P. M. Millar, Gen. Secy, National Council of Labour Colleges, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 9 May to 16 Sept., 1960. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

SCHOLARSHIPS

BYAM Shaw School of Drawing and Painting – The Annual competition for five Open Entrance Scholarships will be held at the end of April. These are available for men or women who wish to train as professional artists: all awards are tenable for four years. Write for details to: Secretary, Byam Shaw School, Campden St, London, W8, before the end of March.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School at High Canons, Well End, Barnet. Freedom and self-government. Boarders and day children. Boys & girls 7-18 years. ELStree 5560.

FOR freedom and self-government, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland. Boys and girls from 3 years. Headmaster: John M. Aitkenhead, MA, Ed.B.

MERLAND House Preparatory School, 130 Dorset Rd, Bexhill-on-Sea. 5-14 yrs.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset, school farm. TT cows. All-round practical & cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Princs: Carl & Eleanor Urban.

ST MARY'S Town & Country School, 38/40 Eton Ave, NW3. Small groups of boarders accepted from age of five in Co-Ed. day school (weekends in country house, Chiltern Hills). Realistic approach to mod. education, emphasis on English subjects & languages. E. Paul, Ph.D.

SUMMERHILL School has a few vacancies. Self-government. Freedom but not licence. GCE. Co-ed. of course. Very moderate fees. A. S. Neill, Leiston, Suffolk. 'Phone 49.

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FURN. flat to let Holborn, 2 rooms, kit., share bathrm. 7 gns per week. Short let only. Ring PRI. 8079.

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WEST Hampstead furn. div.-rm, ckg fac. Gentleman only. 45s. MAL. 1093.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—contd

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DOCTOR'S family returning England 1 May requires furnished flat/house, 2 or 3 bedrooms, 3 months, possibly longer. London or suburbs. Box 3185.

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UPPER Wharfedale, Yorks. Bungalow all elec.; bth, slp 4. Vac. Apr.-May. Service if req. Dalegarth, Hawkswick, Skipton.

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WHERE TO STAY

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RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs & milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch.,: Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

FARM Holidays – 1960 Farm Holiday Guide covering Britain's Best Farm & Country Guest Houses, County by County, 1,200 reviews, 250 pictures. 3s. 6d., postage 7d. Farm Guides, 18 High St, Paisley.

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WHERE TO STAY—continued

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KESWICK. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, offers beautiful views, good, exclusively vegetarian meals, comfort & friendly atmosphere. Broch: Mr & Mrs N. Lusby. VCA Mems. Tel. 508.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted. Victor Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

OLD Jordans, nr Beaconsfield, Bucks., under Society of Friends. All rooms h. & c. Spring int. Cent. htg. Catering high standard. 7 gns; Summer 8 gns. Mid-week £4. Write Wardens (Jordans 2186).

WHERE to stay? Why, Reculver Lodge (NS), Beltinge, Kent. Easter, the casual weekend, or a lazy holiday.

RYE, Simon the Pieman Tearooms receive a few guests. Tel.: Rye 2207.

MEDITERR. sun & sea at Hotel du Gros Pin, Le Brusc, Var. Exclll. food. Reasonable prices. Write for details.

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HOLIDAY TRAVEL

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Easter skiing in Austria, Switzerland or Norway.

Easter week-ends or longer arrangements in Paris or Amsterdam.

Sunshine holidays in the South of France, or the Italian Riviera, Rome and Florence, or in Majorca.

Easter House Parties and hotel arrangements in Britain (Berkshire, Lake District, Channel Islands, Stratford-on-Avon).

Teenagers' Parties at Easter and in the summer.

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P.G.'s recd at British author-journalist's attractive new villa. Most reasonable terms, including wine. For details, write Harry Greenwall, 'Inga', Camino Son Toells, San Agustin, Palma Majorca.

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BARGAIN Holidays for the under 30's. USSR Tours from £55 and cheap camping facilities. Other attractive offers in Austria and Eastern Europe from £28. Apply with s.a.e. to BYFC Tours, 351 Goswell Road, London, EC1.

GOING to Ireland? Hire a 1960 car, self drive or chauffeur driven from John Purcell Car Hire, 36 Upper O'Connell St, Dublin. Write for brochure & rates.

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STAY on charming Belgian Coast at the Hotel Bristol, Coq-sur-Mer, Ostend 5 miles. Ideal for family holidays. Excellent cuisine.

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THE COVENT GARDEN OPERA

21 & 23 March at 7.30 — Cavalleria Rusticana and Pagliacci
22 & 24 March at 7.00 — Aida
25 March at 7.30 — Carmen

THE ROYAL BALLET

26 March at 7.30 — Les Rendezvous, La Fille Mal Gardée

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE
TER. 1672
OPERA SEASON
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18 & 26 March — Fidelio
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24 March — Don Pasquale

ST PANCRAS TOWN HALL
22, 24, 25, 26 March at 7.30
1st Stage Performances in Gt Britain
IL MONDO DELLA LUNA
by Joseph Haydn
(Sung in Italian)
Libretto: Carlo Goldoni
with
MARCELLO CORTIS
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Mary Illing — John Kentish
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Philomusica of London
Conductor: Adrian Sunshine
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Tickets: 15s., 12s. 6d., 10s., 7s. 6d., 5s. from Box Office. (TER. 7070).

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Evs. 8.0. Th. & Sat. 5.0. 'Change for the Angel'. Mems.

IN-STAGE: 'Under The Influence'. A Variety in the styles of Beckett & Ionesco. 'Exhilarating display', Times. Fridays at 8 p.m. Admission free. 9 Fitzroy Sq., W1.

IRVING. Leic. Sq. WHI. 8657. Glamour & Girls. 4-yr Cont. Revue from 2.30, Sun. 4. 9th week 13th ed. Mems.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Evgs 7.30. Sat. 5 & 8.15. Th. 2.30. 'The Dumb Waiter' and 'The Room' by Harold Pinter.

TH. Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. 8. S. 5, 8. Never Had it So Good by John Wiles.

TOWER. 7.30. Sun. 7.0. 18, 19, 20 (mems), 24, 25, 26 Mar.: first London perf. of O'Casey's 'Purple Dust'. Book now: CAN. 3475 (9-6) and CAN. 5111 (6-8.30). Canonbury, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Sholem Aleichem's 'The Big Win'. First English prod. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet St, WC1. 'Palace of Strangers', a new play by Joan Sadler, 21 & 22 March. 'Alcestis' by Euripides and 'Antigone' by Sophocles. 24, 25, 26 Mar. Perf. 2.30 p.m. & 7.30 p.m.

CONCERTS

LONDON Harpsichord Ensemble. 5th of 6 Bach concerts. Royal Festival Hall, Recital Rm. Sat. 26 Mar. 8.15. WAT. 3191.

AARON Copland conducts his own work with Julius Katchen as soloist and London Symphony Orchestra at Royal Festival Hall on Tuesday, 19 April at 8 p.m.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing to the Buddy Kaye Quartette, Today, Saturday, 19 March, 8-11 p.m. Members 3s., Guests 5s. Non-Members will not be admitted unless accompanied by a Member.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Daily 11 a.m. (Ex. Suns). The Comedie Francaise in Moliere's Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. 12 Films by Ingmar Bergman. Until 20 March: 'Summer With Monika' (A). From 21 March: 'A Lesson in Love' (X).

GEFFRYE Museum, E2. Art Films Sundays 2.30 and 3.45 p.m. 20 March: Painter and Poet (John Gilpin); Figures in a Landscape; From Renoir to Picasso. 27 March: Ein Hod (Israel); Islam; Alexander Calder; Begone Dull Care (Abstraction in Colour).

SCR Social Evening for Soviet architects and tourists, Sunday 20 March, 7.30 p.m. 14 Kensington Square, W8. Refreshments. Admssn 2s. 6d. members & friends.

PROGRESSIVE League: Country Dancing, Sat., 3 p.m., 19 March, at 14 Windmill St, W1 (Downstairs), off Tottenham Ct Rd, nearest Station Goodge St. Beginners welcome, 2s. & tea. Monthly Diary free (s.a.e.) from: H. E. Lobstein, 12, The Green, Jordans, Bucks.

EXHIBITIONS

CONTEMPORARY Polish Graphic Art. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Last day. Sat. 10-6. Admission 1s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Henrion 'Things and Symbols'. Closing Today, Saturday, 19 March, at 1 p.m. West Coast Hard Edge: 4 Abstract classicists from Los Angeles. Private View for Members, Wednesday, 23 March, at 6 p.m. 24 March-23 April. Closed from 15-18 April. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. Adm. 1s. Members free.

COLLET'S Exhibition of ten original etchings by Käthe Kollwitz (1867-1945) at their Russian and Multilingual Bookshop, 45 Museum Street, London, WC1. Monday 21 March-Saturday 26 March, 9.30 a.m. to 5.30 p.m. also at Collet's Hampstead Bookshop, 193 Haverstock Hill, NW3 Monday 28 March-Saturday 2 April.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Ida Kar: Portraits of artists and writers in England, France and the Soviet Union; and other photographs. Opens 24 March. Weekdays 11-6, Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Stn.

FRENCH 18th Century Furniture Design. Drawings from the Musée des Arts Décoratifs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Sq., SW1. Last day. Sat. 10-6. Admission 1s.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. First London Exhibition of Twelve Greek Artists 1960. Hours 10-6, Sats 10-1. Exhibition closes 22 April.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Leonard Wyatt, Gwyneth Johnstone, Mela Spira – Pntgs. 21 March-9 April. Wkdys 10-6, Sats 10-1.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Pl., Marble Arch, W2. Clemente till 23 March. Rawlinson, Adamowicz, Portway, 24 March-14 April, 10-6.

LEICESTER Galleries Exhibitions: Paintings by Claude Rogers, Earl Haig, drawings by Anne Dunn. Leicester Sq. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. The Microscope and Zoology in the Nineteenth Century; Electricity in the Service of Medicine, and other exhibitions Mon-Fri., 10-5. Free.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Osborne – Paintings. Until 25 March. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

KAPLAN Gallery International Choice: Twentieth Century Paintings and Sculpture, 6 Duke Street, St James's.

THE Chinese Picture Room, 13 New Quebec St, W1. PAD. 4643 (behind Marble Arch Corner House). New and old paintings from China, reproductions, antique pottery, etc. 10-7, ex Thurs., Sun.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Ptgs etc. George Chapman. Till 26 Mar.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography. 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq, W1.

PORTAL Gallery, 16a Grafton St, Bond St, W1. Pntgs: P. Blake & M. Roxby.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

WADDINGTON Galleries. Drawings, watercolours: Jankel Adler 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. MOU. 4917. Opening Exhib. 2 Sclptrs & 2 Pntrs. Laurence Josephs, Paul Hamann, Alfred Harris & Henry Sanders. Dly incl. Sats 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Sickert. (Weekdays 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1).

RWS Galleries, 26 Conduit Street, W1. Royal Society of Painter-Etchers & Engravers. Annual Exhibition. Until 24 March. 10-5. Sats 10-1. Admn 1s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE NEW JEWISH SOCIETY
presents The World's Future No. 5
'THE THEATRE OF TOMORROW'
Bernard Kops
Wed., 23 March, at 8 p.m.
83 Chiltern St, W1.

LONDON NLR CLUB
Mahatma Gandhi Hall, Fitzroy Square
(Warren Street tube)
Mon., 21 March, 7.30 for 8 p.m.
ROY JENKINS, MP:
The Future of the Labour Party
Members: 1s.; Non-members: 2s. 6d.

LONDON NLR Club, Day School, 11 a.m.-5.30 p.m., 19 March: Control of Industry, Simon Rosenblat; Control of Bureaucracy, Clive Jenkins, ACTT, 2 Soho Sq., W1. Adm. 5s. Evening Party, Partisan basement, Band, Bar, 8 p.m. Members and friends 1s. 6d.

LONDON Schools Left Club. Fri., 25 March, 5.50 p.m., 7 Carlisle St, W1. 'Africa', Peter Ansah speaks on Ghana. All Schools students welcome.

NLR Literature & Politics Study Group. The Political Novel. Koestler: 'Darkness at Noon', Michael Armstrong. 8 p.m., 24 March, LBC, 7 Carlisle St, W1.

HAMPSTEAD Humanist Society. Today, 19 March, 2.45 p.m. at Burgh House, Flask Walk, NW3. AGM & Mayer Hillman, ARIBA. 'A New Environment'.

YOU Are A VIP! – you finance the government. But how much do you know about Inflation, Currency, Imports, Taxation, Wages, Profits, Subsidies, etc? 10 week courses in Basic Economics & Social Philosophy begin on Tuesdays and Thursdays, 5 and 7 April at 7 p.m. in Victoria. (Total charge 5s. includes text book). Write for prospectus to Henry George School of Social Science, 177 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1, or 'phone VIC. 4266 – or enrol on the opening night.

BECOME Your Own Economist! Classes as outlined above also in the following areas – New Eltham, Welling, Muswell Hill, Romford, Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, Cardiff, Liverpool, Dundee, Glasgow. Write or telephone for particulars.

HAS your organisation appointed a delegate yet to the BAOSF Annual Conference? Church House, SW1, Saturday, 26 March, 10 a.m.-5 p.m. John Stonehouse on Africa. John Dugdale on the Boycott and other speakers and resolutions. Observers welcome. Enquiries to Secretary, Transport House, Smith Square, SW1.

AFRICA Meeting, Sun. 20 Mar., 7.30. Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, Victoria, SW1. Socialist Party of GB.

NEGRO Contribution to American Literature'. A lecture by O. R. Aggrey, Director of American Cultural Centre, Paris, will be delivered at 6.30 p.m., 22 March at the USIS Library, 41 Grosvenor Square, W1. Admission Free.

SHAW Society. Dr John Lewis on 'Bergson and the Life Force', at the National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1, 25 March, 7 p.m. Non-members 2s. 6d.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

TOTAL Disarmament. Let it Begin with Us. Public Meeting. Central Hall, Westminster, Thursday, 31 March, 8 p.m. Buffet and Bookstall from 6.30 p.m. Speakers: Victor Gollancz, Stuart Morris, Donald Soper, Michael Tippett, Sybil Thorndike. Chairman: Sybil Morrison. Admission free. Some reserved seats at 2s. 6d. from The Organiser, Peace Pledge Union, 6 Endsleigh St, London, WC1. EUS. 5501.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. The 50's. Alan Pryce Jones: 'The Theatre in the 50's'. Chairman: Tom Milne (Editor of Encore). Thursday, 24 March, 6.30 p.m. Admission 3s., Members 1s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. George Cyriax on 'Trade Unions and the Labour Party', Wed., 23 March, 7.30 p.m., at Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society from Membership Secretary, 42a Westbere Rd, NW2.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696. Fri., 18 March, 8 p.m. Dr G. Adamovitch: 'Reminiscences Petersburg Life' (Russian, trans.). Fri., 25 March, 8 p.m. Elisaveta Fen: 'Chekhov – the man'. Trip to Russia 16 July-8 Aug., £58. Few places left. Apply Secy., 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11.

'BRITAIN'S Rôle in a Changing World', Kenneth Younger. Fabian Spring Lecture. 22 March, 7.15 p.m. Livingstone Hall (nr St James's Park station). Admn 2s. 6d.

'THE Country Year' by Frances Pitt. A colour film with commentary at Church House, Westminster, SW1 (Marsham Street entrance), 7.15 p.m., 23 March. Tkts 3s. 6d. Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Road, Baker Street, NW1.

NCLC/Paddington North CLP. Douglas Jay on 'Labour Party Future'. Sun., 20 March, 2.45 p.m. Royal Hotel, Paddington Station. Credentials 2s. 6d. Apply: S. Bidwell, 26 Cherry Ave, Southall, Middx.

'THE End – or a new Beginning? Christians face the Future'. Whitsun Weekend Conference at farm-community in Shropshire Clee Hills. Details: 'Conference', Bruderhof, Bromdon, Bridgnorth.

THE Splinter Group, Conway Hall, Thurs. 24 March, 7.30. 'Education of the Masses'. Visitors 3s. 6d.

S. PLACE Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Sun. 11 a.m. 20 Mar. Archibald Robertson, MA, 'The Establishment'. Write for Free 'Monthly Record'. Chamber Music Concert, 6.30 p.m.

CONWAY Discussions. S. Place Ethical Soc. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Tues. 7.15 p.m. 22 Mar. Max Mitchell, 'Life in Israel Today'.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun., 20 March, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'Judge not': H. J. Blackham.

IWC. Public Lecture. Free. Kei Miyakawa: 'Japan' – Talk and Film. 8.30 p.m. Fri., 25 March. 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

W. Q. Judge Day. Public Lecture, 20 March, 8 p.m. Free lit. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2. PAD. 0688.

INTERESTED in Quakerism? Come and hear about it on Sunday, 27 March, 3 p.m., at Friends House, Euston Rd, London. Speakers. Discussion. Tea.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London H.Q., 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

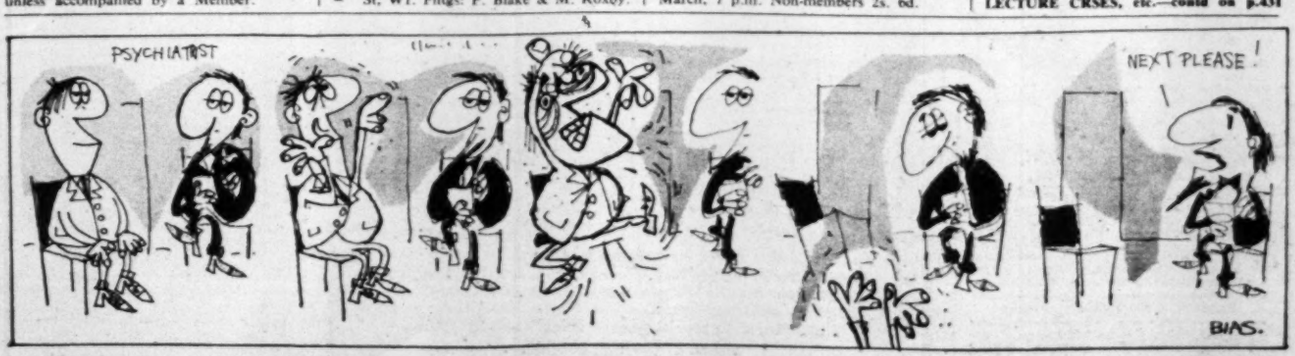
'TAKE Care of Your Eyes', Michael Ronan (Bates practitioner). Mon., 21 Mar., 7.30, Caxton Hall. 2s. 6d. London Nat. Health Soc. Dets: 33 Sinclair Rd, W14.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Av., Muswell Hill, N10: Vedanta Lectures. Write for details.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

RUSSIAN. Beginners' 18-Lesson Postal Course with individual tutorial help, £3. Write Dept VH7, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

LECTURE CRSES, etc.—contd on p.431



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